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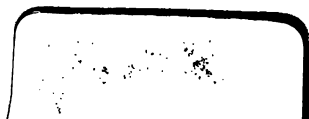
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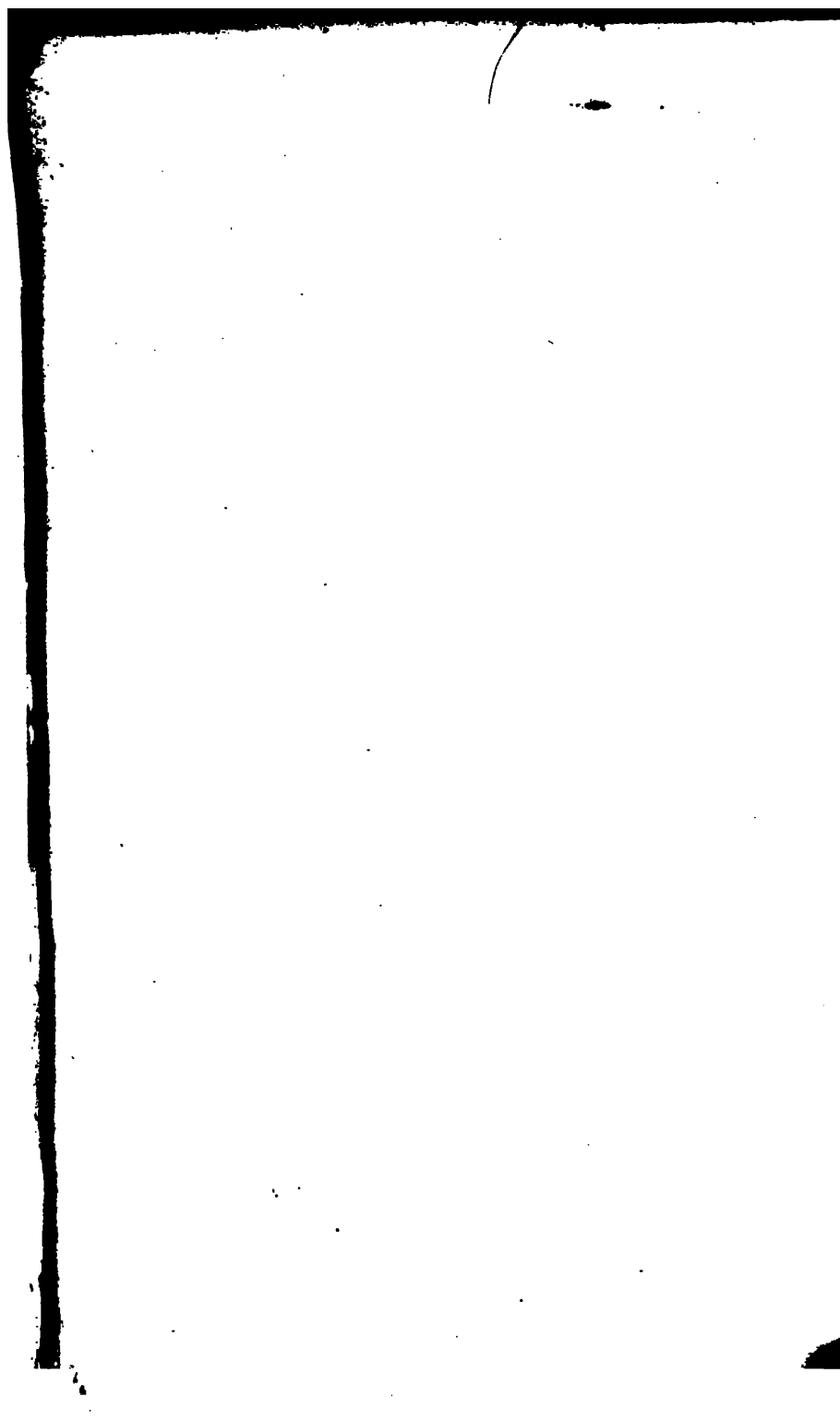
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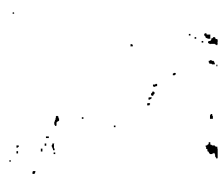
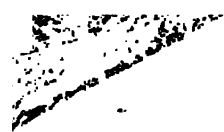




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*J... Lortie*  
**P O E M S**

**O N**

**SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**

**By JOHN BENNET,**

**A JOURNEYMAN SHOEMAKER,**



**L O N D O N :**

**PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,**

And Sold by T. EVANS, No. 54, in Pater-noster Row; J. SOUTHERN,  
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FLETCHER, and PARKER, Bookfellers, in Oxford; and by the  
AUTHOR, in Woodstock, Oxon.

**MDCCLXXIV.**

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# THE FUTURE

THE FUTURE IS A MISTY LAND

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T O

My honourable **BENEFACTORS**  
and worthy **SUBSCRIBERS.**

**T**HE great encouragement which I have experienced, from my kind Supporters, towards carrying my little designs into execution, makes me entirely at a loss, how to express my obligations; far be it from me to think, that these benevolent tokens are the rewards of my merit: no, I humbly receive them with a grateful heart, as an assistance to enable me to rear an infant offspring, and to drive away all anxious solicitude from the breast of a most amiable wife.

Thus encouraged to proceed in the road of industry, I mean ever to strive to render myself (according to my station) a useful member of the community, by redoubling my efforts, in instructing my babes in the paths of virtue.

May the Almighty (on whose protection I wholly rely,) crown your liberal support of my poor endeavours with success : and may his gracious goodness inspire the minds of my noble and generous Friends, with resolutions to stand ready to encounter vice in all her wily charms.

I remain,

With the greatest gratitude,

Your much obliged,

and very humble Servant,

Woodstock  
Dec. 27, 1773.

**John Bennet.**



T O

The Rev. Mr. W A R T O N,  
CURATE of WOODSTOCK, and late PRO-  
FESSOR of POETRY in OXFORD.

S I R,

**I**T is a common saying that a *Shoemaker* should not go beyond his *last*, and therefore I may be censured for acting against this rule, in my present address to you, on a subject so foreign to my business. But I beg to answer, that these shrubs of poesy, which I presume to inscribe to you, are the amusements only of my relaxation from the more laborious duties of the day. And if by the indulgence of the generous Public, I can make such innocent amusements instrumental towards the support of

a numerous family, I hope to plead some claim to your countenance in so laudable an attempt. It is well known to you, Sir, how early I was captivated with the charms of music. Witness my early acquaintance with the pious strains of Sternhold and Hopkins under that melodious psalmodist, my honoured Father, and your much-approved Parish Clerk. And if it would not be deemed presumption in me, I might add, that some of my performances will prove, that I have not been inattentive to the excellent Instructions, with which you have so kindly favoured my humble endeavours. One farther circumstance I beg to mention, with regard to the propriety of this publication, and that is, the unanimous support it has been favoured with from Persons of all ranks, who do not, the more is the pity, agree together more cordially on all other occasions.

HONOURED SIR,

I Had proceeded thus far, when I was called to measure a Gentleman of a certain College for a pair of fashionable boots,









TO  
THE AUTHOR,  
ON HIS  
BOOK OF POEMS.

**A** Shoemaker d'ye say?

I do : what then ?

A Shoemaker and Poet ?

True again.

Where is the wonder ? If you look around,  
You'll find some Poets—Cobblers most profound !  
With borrow'd thesis verify and patch it,  
And spoil both upper leather, sole, and latchet ;  
By which 'tis so transform'd, so diff'rent grown,  
That th' owner does not know it for his own.

A Shoemaker

A Shoemaker and Poet?

Good agen:

Ar'n't Shoemakers the same as other men?

No doubt; but men are born of diff'rent cast,

"Let not the Cobler go beyond his last,"

Left, like that critic, who to fame aspir'd,

He lose the honours which he has acquir'd;

For while he criticiz'd upon the shoe

He gain'd applause, as learned critics do;

But when he took upon him to impart

His curious observations on the art

Th' ingenious statuary had display'd,

Where all but life and motion was essay'd,

No wonder why the well known censure past,

"Let not the Cobler go beyond his last."

But will much learning make dull blockheads wise?

Poets are often Coblers in disguise,

And give the world such patches of each other,

That Dullness nods to Dullness, thou'rt my brother;

Yet

Yet claim connection with Apollo's court,  
 As if th' inspiring graces there resort.  
 For me, I scorn their aid, despise their rules,  
 And leave such maxims to more learned fools ;  
 Content to glory in the Christian cause,  
 Where happiness is found without applause.  
 'Tis there or nowhere that supply is giv'n,  
 Which warms, inspires, and leads us up to heav'n ;  
 'Tis there alone th' important matter lies,  
 The great criterion of the good and wise !  
 What makes a Poet ? not fictitious dress :  
 A Christian Poet Christian Truths express ;  
 Not all the fancied whims the Poets use  
 About Apollo or their fav'rite muse,  
 Or soaring on their Pegasus new shod,  
 Imploring, flying to a heathen god,  
 Cou'd e'er assist 'em with a wink or nod ;  
 A poor and helpless being, deaf to all,  
 Another Dagon, senseless of his fall,  
 As weak as they who on his godship call.

Is this the great inspirer of the age,  
Who fires the bard, and fills the learned page?  
It is, and in the face of open day  
Their dubious strains the Truths of God display.

Who can excuse the Poet, that in spite  
Of Scripture says, " Whatever is is right ;"  
That matter is an attribute of God,  
From purest æther to the grossest clod ;  
Th' anima mundi, or in language foul,  
" Whose body nature is, and God the soul."  
Tho' sweet his numbers, who can reconcile  
Such gross descriptions to the Christian stile?  
Thus sung the Poets, with precarious hope,  
From Aristotle to poetick Pope.

Are not the schools with heathen authors stor'd?  
Isn't Horace for his language much ador'd?  
Tho' to a chaste unsullied mind, the verse  
Conveys a sense too filthy to rehearse.

Oh !

Oh! for a pen to blot the hateful name,  
 To make ev'n Sodom blush in burning flame.  
 Are these the proper lessons for our youth?  
 O blush ye schools for this unnat'ral truth!  
 Give me the Bard who nobly does aspire  
 To that divine, that true poetick fire,  
 Which glows and warms within each sacred page,  
 The glory and delight of ev'ry age;  
 Who knows no muse but that great Spirit's aid,  
 Which o'er the whole creation is display'd;  
 Who frames his faith and conduct to those laws,  
 And lives the lively picture which he draws;  
 Whose faith is fix'd, depending on that word  
 Which has reveal'd the Sovereign God and Lord:  
 Where such I find, I'm not asham'd to tell  
 My heart goes with him and I wish him well.

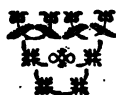
Pursue my friend, pursue in Virtue's cause,  
 And advocate her liberty and laws,

xiv TO THE AUTHOR, &c.

Press on, press on, let not thy ardour cease,  
Her ways are pleasantness, her paths are peace.  
Tho' great the conflict, yet you may depend  
On God, your Maker, Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
That you'll be more than conqu'ror in the end.

London,  
Sept. 11, 1773.

James Green.



LIST



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xxxii

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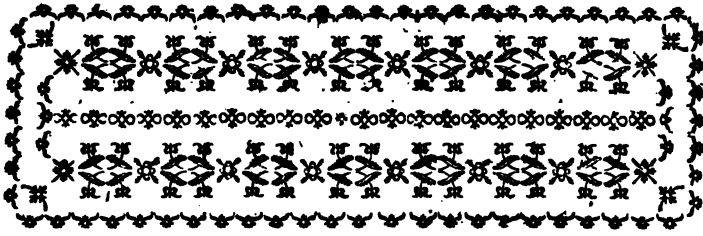
W.

Right Hon. Lord Wenman, 4 books.  
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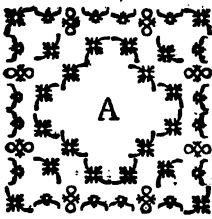
# P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



W O O D S T O C K.



A

RISE my Muse, Glyme's \* bene-  
factors sing,  
From dark oblivion their just ac-  
tions bring;

But not of monarchs great presume to treat,  
Tho' this was once their blest, their lov'd retreat †:

B

Nor

\* The name of the river on which Woodstock is situate.

† The manor-house.

Nor yet of Edward's son, that warlike chief,  
 Whose birth we boast \*, whose death was Eng-  
 land's grief :

Nor yet her much-lov'd Chaucer's works explore †,  
 Why call'd the prince of bards in days of yore ?  
 Nor of renown'd Elizabeth ‡, whose fame  
 Lies too extensive for my narrow theme :  
 Thine be the task to speak of deeds design'd,  
 In later days, to benefit mankind.  
 See learning planted by one ever dear,  
 A Cornwell's public spirit all revere ;  
 From him behold the friendly structure § rise,  
 To bring up youth bright truth to analyse.  
 The prudent Fletcher || well beheld his care,  
 By kind benevolence induc'd to share  
 His god-like purpose ; nought regarding more  
 Than to compleat such kindness to the poor.

Rejoice

\* Born at Woodstock.

† The remains of his house are still standing.

‡ A royal benefactress to this borough.

§ The free-school.

|| A native of this place.

Rejoice ye sons of Glyme, rejoice to find  
 A free resource to form the tender mind ;  
 Again rejoice, see Spencer \* the benign,  
 Whose gen'rous bounty will for ever shine !

Slave to no party, from base faction free,  
 His hand regains your long-lost liberty.  
 Nor stops he there ; his honest soul imparts  
 To old and young relief : to ease their hearts  
 Behold the staff of life indulgent giv'n,  
 And draws the soul to happiness and heav'n.  
 With anxious care and heart-felt sympathy  
 His kind bequest provides a large supply.  
 While Cary's † boon another scheme pursues,  
 His gift, from int'rest free, the burghers use ;

B 2 By

\* Sir Thomas Spencer revived the freemen's right in polling for representatives ; he gave a munificent benefaction to the poor of Woodstock, viz. the annual sum of 181. 3 s. 4 d. for ever, to be given in bread every Sunday in the year, to ten men, ten women, and twenty children.

† He settled a fund for advancing money without interest, to the freemen residing in Woodstock.

# 4 P O E M S O N

By him inspir'd each art's industrious son  
Thro' each day's labour cheerfully moves on.

For youth behold another well-laid plan,  
Which by the noble Bruce was first began;  
To settle in the myst'ry of each trade  
The younger sons, this good provision made.  
But ah! the free-born son, with fortune cross'd,  
Has cause to mourn, to see for ever lost  
Such good design; and, through the sad neglect  
Of some concern'd, this gift of no effect.  
Had not this boon, so prudently design'd,  
The knaves insidious quibble undermin'd;  
Many unwary youths, now wand'ring wide,  
Had been preserv'd by this their trusty guide.  
Yea many now that ply the vagrant's trade,  
From wisdom's pleasant paths had never stray'd;  
And timely leaving the unsettled state,  
Had now sat steady in their native seat.

But

But leave, my humble Muse, these plaintive strains,  
Since thy lov'd Spencer's family remains.  
Yet cou'd some gen'rous mind with freedom scan  
The good that must accrue from Bruce's plan  
Had it not fail'd ; then fairly state the case,  
What was appropriate, and which the place \* ;  
Each joyful burghers then, when passing by,  
With grateful heart, wou'd thus exulting cry :  
Fair freedom's friend, beneficent and kind,  
At length revives the good that Bruce design'd.  
But stay my Muse, fear not beyond thy bound,  
Much difference lies between the stroke and sound ;  
Be thine the theme true greatness to admire,  
T' extol Glyme's patrons tune again thy lyre.

See rev'rend Cox's † lib'ral gift apply'd ;  
His pious heirs for infant years provide :

B 3

Wisely

\* The house belonging to Mrs. Heath.

† Sir Robert Cox, Bart. left a liberal benefaction for cloathing and educating eight poor children, yearly, for ever.



Wifely instructed in their helpless days,  
 What greater bliss than hear them lift the praise  
 Of that dread Pow'r divine, supremely good,  
 First Cause and Giv'r of health, of cloaths, and food?  
 My tongue wants words his mercies to express,  
 His blessings daily flowing numberless.

Look where Aftrea's courts again appear,  
 May her vicegerents act therein sincere,  
 Vice to withstand and virtue's cause maintain,  
 Who then will say, "they bear the sword in vain."

Most noble S—n—r, gen'rous, great and good,  
 Thy bounty fills each heart with joy and food;  
 Thou, whose commands yon lofty structures\* raise,  
 While the tongue tastes thy bounty, let it praise.  
 When Albion's sons of late, by famine crost,  
 Lamenting saw the year's long labour lost;

Thy

\* The town-hall.

Thy pitying hand reliev'd the weeping eye,  
 Refresh'd the heart, and stopp'd the rising sigh.  
 Then let not those involv'd in grief despair,  
 Jehovah makes them his peculiar care.

While of this world's delight some have the best,  
 Others in indigence are sore oppress'd;  
 Shall I a Providence in question call  
 Because thy portion's fair and mine is small?  
 His gifts he suits to every degree,  
 And none so mean but may contentment see,  
 And taste the joys of heav'n in low adversity.

}



THE  
MANOR RUINS.

ENwra<sup>pt</sup> in thought, one summer's morn I stray'd  
Unto the place \* by monarchs once array'd,  
To find some traces of the royal pile,  
But all was sunk beneath the juicy soil.

I view'd the spot all round with anxious care,  
And sad reflection forc'd the flowing tear.  
At length compos'd, in terms I thus began :

How transitory are thy works, O man !

Her turrets fall'n—the adamantine wall,

The work of time, is gone, is past recall.

Then musing stood—but quickly from my rest

Was rous'd, with wonder not to be exprest,

When from the Ruins thus I was address'd.

“ Cease,

\* The royal palace of Woodstock stood on that oval piece of ground adjoining to the bridge ; on the extremity stands two large sycamores.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 9

" Cease, cease fond man, cease o'er me to explore,  
 See what I am; know what I was before,  
 Of England's royal chiefs the lov'd delight,  
 While festive mirth did ev'ry soul invite,  
 With gladsome joy, the gen'rous boon to share,  
 And be partakers of the royal fare.  
 Oh pious Ethelred! Oh Alfred great!  
 How pure the bliss ye found in this retreat.

" After the Norman chief, whose slavish laws  
 To Britons, were like spurs to rouse the cause  
 Of dying freedom, and oppressive Will  
 Had fall'n a victim to his father's ill;  
 The learned Henry to this palace came,  
 And much increas'd my as yet dawning fame:  
 He wall'd my park around; that moss-clad pile\*  
 Supports the remnants of the royal smile.  
 Yea, when his warlike son brave Harry flew  
 To quell those broils rais'd by th' unnat'ral two,

And

\* Chaucer's house, now belonging to Mr. John Prior of Woodstock

And left his love within the twining bow'r \*,  
 Yet refuge vain from jealousy in pow'r.  
 With laurels crown'd, triumphant he return'd  
 And heard her fate, then Rosamond he mourn'd.  
 With poignant sorrow ; but to banish grief  
 He me embellish'd : then I stood the chief  
 And lov'd abode, to lull the royal cares,  
 The royal court for long succeeding years.

“ Tho' time can't fathom Becket's wily ways  
 Which so embarrass'd Hal's declining days ;  
 Yet, subterfuge, with all his shuffling train,  
 Here vow'd obedience to great Henry's reign.

“ When treason join'd with secrecy profound,  
 The impious Ribald † here detection found ;

Infernal

\* Tradition reports, that the bower was situate on the side of the hill, near a fine spring called Rosamond's well ; on the summit are yet seen traces of a flower-garden, which to this day bears the appellation of Rosamond's garden.

† For attempting to assassinate King Henry the Third, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 11

Infernal wretch, t' attempt such blood to spill,  
My boast was to preserve, but thine to kill.

“ Yes, I can boast this now-forgotten earth,  
To many gallant princes has giv'n birth ;  
Yea heroes great, and champions still renown'd,  
Whose worthy deeds made ev'ry court resound !

“ Have you not heard of Edward's martial fame,  
Whose glorious first-born here receiv'd his name ?  
Descendant, worthy, of bright Philippa,  
The fair admirer of great Chaucer's lay.

“ Ye nymphs and swains who now glad Wood-  
stock's clime,  
Break forth in song for Chaucer the sublime.  
Your high renown yon low-roof'd ruins tell,  
Existence there receiv'd, and there did dwell ;  
There sung the bard, warm'd with poetic fire,  
While Edward gladly heard th' enchanting lyre :

Ev'n

Ev'n th' echo \*, charm'd with his harmonious voice,  
With tenfold rapture bid the woods rejoice.

Thus bright I shone, my happiness compleat,  
And daily honour'd by the wise and great ;  
Till pride-grown fashion thro' the kingdom rang'd,  
The palace then to prison was exchange'd.

The chief attendants in my fall were then  
The most deceitful, most abandon'd men :

Yet in this state, it was my greatest care

To keep from harm the hopeless royal heir †,

So close confin'd, that in th' adjoining mead  
Where lowing herds abounded with rich feed ;

On sight of the blithe girl with milky pail,

Quite lost to care, and singing merry tale,

The rural scene so charm'd her troubled mind,

That she most willingly would have resign'd

Her right to crowns, to join the happy train

Where joy and liberty united reign.

Still

\* The famous echo heard, when the royal palace was standing,  
from the hill near Sir Jeoffry Chaucer's house.

† The Princess Elizabeth.

" Still on decline I pass'd the fleeting hour,  
 When wrangling faction dar'd the regal pow'r,  
 The sacred charge committed to my trust  
 I yet maintain'd 'gainst malice so accurst,  
 But all in vain : my royal master fell,  
 And now my future loss to you I tell.

" The crown usurp'd by that abandon'd train,  
 Their ill-got might they strove then to maintain,  
 And soon they came, with hatred most intent,  
 To plunder me of ev'ry ornament;  
 Nay it extended to the very tree  
 That tow'ring stood erect to majesty,  
 On yonder heights \* it grew, the royal oak,  
 Was name sufficient for the fatal stroke.  
 Against such factious tribes was I to strive?  
 When Charles was lost, oh think could I survive?  
 No ; on these ruins be this motto plac'd,  
 By lawless faction was I thus disgrac'd.

Now

\* The high park.



“ Now thou hast heard my sad tho’ certain fate,  
Listen to what I’m going to relate.

“ When, as my shatter’d form sad pity claim’d  
From all, and e’en high majesty aham’d  
To see obscurity had ta’en the lead  
Of one who had such loyal service paid;  
Great Anna then advanc’d, and thus decreed,  
(The patroness of each heroic deed.)

“ Near my lov’d vill, fam’d Woodstock of renown,  
Yet stands in ruins, shame to England’s crown,  
A royal palace; Vanburgh thither haste,  
And instant raise from that neglected waste  
A noble pile, by distant ages seen,  
A worthy boon to Churchill from his queen.  
Yes, England’s hero, that renowned man,  
Great Churchill’s deeds shall name my fav’rite plan.  
She spoke, when forthwith Blenheim high arose,  
A standing triumph o’er her country’s foes;

Adorn’d.

Adorn'd with all that genius can impart,  
 With pure invention, to the sons of art.  
 There stands the chief, so great in martial fame,  
 That e'en brave Edward yields to Marlbro's name;  
 And that rear'd column \* such brave actions tell,  
 Wou'd make the coward's breast with glory swell.

“ For me to shew the numberless delights  
 Of Blenheim's groves, fair streams, and lovely heights;  
 How prudence aids the sweet connubial joy  
 With holy rapture from all base alloy,  
 Wou'd far surpass th' endeavours of my theme,  
 As substance rises o'er the shad'wy dream..  
 Yet take this truth, shou'd fate decree thy lot  
 To be, when bounteous priv'ledge is forgot.  
 When foul oppression, with his heavy train,  
 Ambition joins, and here united reign,  
 Then thou beware, for freedom's in her wane.  
 Then bid adieu to usage, sacred found  
 By your forefathers, through this ancient bound ;

No

\* The pillar whereon is expressed the Duke's victories.

No more shall branches from the oak adorn  
The unsought chimney in a summer's morn ;  
Nor hawthorn bush in ev'ry street more grace  
Lov'd May's return from winter's loath'd embrace.  
Then, like the beast, shall man trudge round the  
road,  
Altho' low bending with like grievous load ;  
And, stor'd with curses, toil to his abode."

This said, calm silence did from thence ensue,  
I, still amaz'd, could not the theme renew ;  
Yet, when recover'd, reverenc'd the ground  
From whence proceeded this delightful sound ;  
And, quite serene, unto my cottage came,  
With lesson, most replete, of ancient fame.



Among the tribe a buxom lass,  
 Who daily wonders brought to pass.  
 Yet peddling first was their pretence,  
 To learn if any had the sense  
 Their hocus pocus to elude,  
 If not to tell the multitude;  
 One of their tribe, both deaf and dumb,  
 Reveal'd past, present, and to come.

The scheme succeeds; such numbers flock,  
 Made Christian-Faith a laughing stock!  
 Made it appear that Satan hath  
 His eye fix'd on implicit faith.  
 Now to his oracle they press,  
 And hope in vain for happiness.

The Sybil seated in grimace,  
 Her vot'ries come with anxious face,  
 They write the sum of their demand,  
 And wishing at her altar stand.

# SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 19

One for a husband gives her fee,  
 Who's soon to be the happy she;  
 Not so another can be blest,  
 Till two long years have broke her rest;  
 But still a second fee retains,  
 And years to months a change regains:  
 She threatens some and some colloques,  
 And proves too many w—s and r—s.

She to the matrimonial state  
 In order reads their certain fate;  
 Bids the dull husband straight provide  
 For th' issue of his teeming bride:  
 Affures the barren of success,  
 That children shall their ages bless.

A brother seeks a brother lost,  
 In prison strong confin'd and crost;  
 But tho' he roams on foreign ground,  
 He soon shall see his native land.

Another offers at her shrine,  
Who's promis'd treasures from the mine :  
Could but his partner have such blifs,  
Her pilfer'd goods she would not mis.

A mother ardently requires  
An answer kind to her desires :  
A long-lost daughter was the theme,  
And she receives a golden dream.

Good God ! that mortals e'er should strive  
In hidden secrets thus to dive :  
Would they regard thy sacred text,  
Impostors could not have pretext  
Unwary people to delude,  
Or on thy attributes intrude.

They still kept on their impious trade,  
And ev'ry day fresh vot'ries made ;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 21

Till vengeance bid *Astrea* rise ;  
Despair then seiz'd their baleful eyes.  
Their utmost skill now at the stake,  
The deaf and dumb could hear and speak,  
And from her shrine in haste withdrew ;  
Shame and confusion with her flew.

Demetrius found his gains were gone ;  
Diana fled ; her witchcrafts done.  
He then betray'd one of the crew,  
The darling self yet still his view.  
Virtue rejoic'd to see the stroke,  
That vice itself the charm had broke :  
*Astrea's* orders were obey'd,  
And th' hag to prison was convey'd.

Th' infernal tribe now sad distress,  
Detractor's council was a jest ;  
Who finding that fair virtue's cause  
Was well defended by just laws ;



To give such vile adherents play, did earnestly  
 His canker'd heart no more could say;      }  
 Thus added to lost reason, loss of pay.



HENRY



## HENRY AND ROSAMOND.

**I** SING of the ever-great Henry, and his peerless  
love Rosamond ; the fairest among the children  
of men.

Richard, the unnatural, disturbed the repose of  
his father ; those infernal furies, Jealousy and Re-  
venge assisted : the clashing of arms breathed  
slaughter and death.

Brave Henry, untaught to yield, stood like the  
immoveable mountains.

Richard beheld his god-like firmness : not desti-  
tute of his sire's virtues, he desisted.

Not so the implacable Eleanor : deprived of the monarch ; she meditates : the unhappy Rosamond she destin'd to destruction.

Henry the hero returned in triumph : he approached the bower, the retreat of his fair, with unspeakable joy !

Rosamond ; the delightful Rosamond beheld him : the languishing die of her cheeks (for his absence) added fresh lustre to her charms, while her eyes, more sparkling than the diamond, pronounced the monarch happy.

The winged choristers of the groves, sweetly warbled their loves : the light-bounding hills re-echoed with the sound.

Envy, with Hatred, beheld their bliss ; they joined with Jealousy and Revenge : let loose to  
their

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 25

their wiles, Eleanor re-kindled the flames of war.

Henry, undaunted as the fearless lion, went again to the field of carnage, attended by Desolation ; but with grief now left the fated Rosamond ; her boding lamentations sat heavy on his soul.

He is gone, and now the furious Eleanor seeks her rival : she seeks, she finds ; she is struck with her unparallel'd beauty !

Rosamond, discomposed by her late frightful dreams, trembling beheld the injur'd lady ; and, with uplifted hands, call'd on heaven to witness her innocence.

In vain she pleaded how artfully she was deluded ; in vain she pleaded her youth : in vain she  
pleaded

pleaded her beauty, But when she begg'd for  
mercy on the unborn innocent, her fall was com-  
pleat: like the savage tyger robb'd of her young,  
so was the jealous Eleanor's rage!

Her tongue was lost by the force of her  
wrath: but her eyes, like the killing basilisk's,  
portended the unhappy fair one's immediate dis-  
solution!

Expecting of death, yet hoping for life, Rosa-  
mond remained in the dreary station of doubtful  
suspence, till Eleanor's speech returned, laden with  
keenest reproaches; and, smiling with ruin, she  
placed the sharp-pointed dagger, and the heart-  
killing draught, before the distressed fair.

Oh cruel lenity! she gave her her choice.

Rosalmond

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 17

Rosalind repents, she takes the deadly draught,  
she dies : then were Jealousy and Revenge trium-  
phant.

The yet victorious Henry returned, wrapt up in  
delight at the thoughts of meeting his beloved !

On the wings of desire he flew, and counts the  
tedious minutes as he flies : the dismal hoarse-  
croaking raven, accompany'd with the hideous  
shrieks of the night-owl received him.

He came to the bower : Joy and Pleasure were  
gone ; Melancholy and Grief had usurped their  
stations.

The gloomy aspect around, exhibited fresh proofs  
of the loss, of his once-charming Rosalind.

How

How short the joyous moments of the monarch !  
overwhelmed with grief he calls : grown frantick  
with forrow he raves ; he uselefs raves for Rosa-  
mond ; fair Rosamond is no more.

To the winds he directs his moan : Ye pure re-  
freshing winds, that so oft have reliev'd me with  
your cooling zephyrs, convey my lamentations to  
the airy spirit of my departed joy ; the lovely,  
fairest, but most unhappy Rosamond !

Most unhappy Rosamond ? No : most unhappy  
Henry ! With her no sorrows can exist ; for she  
was pure, altho' by me betray'd.

Oh Rosamond ! when I reflect that thy angelick  
form is fled ; when I behold the now-neglected  
bower, the seat of my all-flown blifs, and call to  
mind the happy, happy hours spent therein ? But,  
O ye winds ! tell her I am wretched.

And

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 29

And thou, all-swallowing Time ! shalt this record  
in latest annals : though, to her dear remains, no  
lofty piles I raise ; yet, long as thou shalt roll,  
shall yon clear chrystal spring, from this sad day,  
be call'd by that dear name, Fair Rosamond.



THE





THE

## F A I R I N G.

THE year now clos'd with many toiling pains,  
 To smoothe their rugged fate, the nymphs and  
 swains

On th' wings of fancy fly without delay,  
 While Britain's blessing gives them holiday.  
 Thee Liberty, thou balsam to th' oppress'd,  
 Proclaims the ploughman's toil this day at rest ;  
 Proclaims the rosy milkmaid free from care  
 At blest conclusion of her slavish year.  
 But that now past, remembrance scarce can find  
 A pensive thought, 'tis gone like blast of wind ;  
 All cares are hush'd : see health-blown Colin hail  
 His darling Bess to leave her milking pail.

In

**In** innocence array'd, the straitway hies  
**To** her dear wish, he joyous leads the prize;  
**And** whilst their harmless chat fresh joy renews,  
**Their** health-strung nerves the journey's task subdues.  
**Thus** jogging on they come unto the fair,  
**There** round them John and Joan wide-gaping stare,  
**And** wonders mightily what brought them there!

**The** rustick salutations being past;  
**What**, shall us go and drink? before the last.  
**But** who the best drink sells? the question's now;  
**Why** at yon house, the sign an oaken bough.  
**Then** in they go, and loudly call for ale  
**And** new-made cakes, to give themselves regale:  
**The** froth-crown'd bumper each in order quaff,  
**While** sweet refreshment join'd th' enliv'ning draught.  
**But**, nature's wants supply'd, the untaught train,  
**Gladly** embrac'd bright Reason's call, refrain.

Their

Their wonted sports now see them re-assume  
With hearts quite lighten'd by the potent fume :  
Around the fair with saunt'ring gait they stray,  
And loving greet acquaintance in the way ;  
Shake hands and nod : then ardently enquire  
Whether their station rises any higher ?  
How Dick and Moll, how Nell and Ralph go on ;  
Whether one stays, or where the other's gone ;  
Or how Ned likes the home-bred toily round  
After he's seen the world at London-town.  
He, wiser grown, now laughs at yonder rout,  
So brisk at chuck, at trunks, and whirlabout ;  
Beneath the spinning twirl deceit he spies,  
And them derides who vainly seek the prize ;  
Fain would expose the trickster's juggling schemes,  
And blast that skill which at delusion aims :  
But speech is vain, the novice can't be rul'd,  
Till blank on blank his golden hopes have cool'd.

Now

Now let us leave awhile the youthful train,  
 And view the tranquil joys of Hymen's reign.  
 From sun-burnt labour freed by harvest-homes,  
 To fair the careful husband likewise comes :  
 What tho' his view's confin'd to narrow sphere,  
 The choicest blessings fall unto his share ;  
 Happy in health, thrice happy with his bride  
 And prattling babes now sporting by his side,  
 What more can make the minutes smother glide? }  
 Now on the road he walks with steady pace,  
 With Jack and Tom the oldest of his race,  
 Whose artless talk o'er cank'ring care prevails,  
 His heart's enliven'd by their pretty tales :  
 At length arriv'd at the desired spot,  
 Nor is the useful sack the least forgot  
 To bear home cheese, made from the milchy kine,  
 And with him drives the rude untoward swine.

The fair at height, observe that grov'ling wretch  
 With talents wonderful to deal and catch ;

His griping hand longs to increase his store,  
 Nor heeds the curses from the starving poor ;  
 Unbounded are his aims, to earthly pelf  
 H' abandons peace, destroys his vig'rous health,  
 And then a victim falls to ill-got wealth.

The scene soon chang'd from this unpleasant view  
 At sight of clowns and lasses, two by two,  
 Returning home in haste but merry plight,  
 Dull eve reminding the approach of night.  
 The blithsome Colin too among the band,  
 See, leading his beloved hand in hand ;  
 But first a sincere farewell takes of those  
 With whom he'd spent the day ; then onward goes,  
 With joyful mien attends the happy she,  
 Nor envies kings if Bess his partner be.

Kind Darby's cares too soften'd he returns,  
 While Jack and Tom, to tell their mammy burns

Of

Of what fine folks and things seen in the fair,

Of lions, tygers, and a frightful bear!

Their rip'ning genius wakes the mother's joys,

Elate with glee, she clasps her little boys.

Whilst glowing with delight the father sees

The infant-smiling Poll betwixt his knees :

With lisping speech she for a fairing craves,

And he in vain the look'd-for suit still waves ;

Till pouting lips her inward griefs disclose,

Nor longer could the tender dad impose.

The fairing gain'd, and little Poll at rest,

He presses his dear partner to his breast ;

While prudence, peace and joy her praises sung,

Not all th' harmonious strains from harps well

strung

Excell'd th' endearing accents of her tongue.

Could he ungrateful stand, and not repay

His heav'nly Benefactor with kind lay

'For those delightful blessings to him sent,

A virtuous wife, fine children, and content?

No ; soon as day is clos'd, in ardent pray'r,  
He craves th' assistance of th' Almighty's care ;  
And thanks returns to that most gracious Pow'r  
Who him protects in each unguarded hour !



CHRISTMAS



# CHRISTMAS EVE.

**D**Ebarr'd of Sol's bright beams, the scene around  
 Winter proclaims, with cold benumbing  
 crown'd,

Attended by dull Night ; while keen-blast winds

The flaky snow from th' icy quarter brings.

See how the leafless trees dejected stand,

Behold the freezy train join hand in hand

To nip in haste the yet remaining bud,

And strait congeals the liquid silver-flood.

The grassy plain, so sprightly cloath'd in green,

And flow'ry mead, no longer can be seen :

All, all are gone, and stript of verdure gay,

Their silent gloom proclaims cold Winter's sway.



Yet now the nervous hinds attempt renown,  
 Nor heed the rigour of the tyrant's frown;  
 But with agility to bandy hie,  
 Or swift as well-train'd steeds with football fly  
 Unto the goal, encircled with delight,  
 While shouts proclaim the ball has touch'd the white,  
 Oh happy clowns ! how sweet the exercise  
 Which makes health's blooming charms with pleasure  
                     rise !

But what a change, to view those call'd refin'd,  
 Because more dext'rous to torment the mind  
 With their feign'd blifs, by fraud and cunning gain'd  
 From games o'er which disease and vice e'er reign'd,  
 Not e'en Pandora's box more ills contain'd.

Yet let th' intemp'rate chief pursue his joys,  
 And bravoës roll in dissipated noise;  
 Let madness now assume bright honour's form,  
 And e'en like furies rage, blaspheme and storm,

Till

Till foul revenge brings murder, tho' the breast,  
Like ill-fraught Cain's, a stranger lives to rest ;  
While I my moments to retirement yields,  
And unrefin'd find pleasure found in fields.

Now gloomy night, with all her joyless train,  
Display'd its horrors o'er the tim'rous brain ;  
No longer could the vig'rous swains pursue  
Their active sports, but to the village drew ;  
Where in the mud-wall cot they calmly fit,  
Around the blazing hearth, while clownish wit,  
In merry jokes, or in sad tales appear,  
The boist'rous laugh gives way to heart-sunk fear.

In fabled eloquence one deeply skill'd,  
Lets loose at large what seas of blood were spill'd,  
Then tells of witches, pranks of hag-rid mares,  
And truth of neighbour's spewing pins declares.  
Of fairies dancing in the circled rings,  
And ghosts and demons to existence brings !

How privy murders were by them reveal'd,  
What fums of money too had been conceal'd.  
With utmost silence each at Tully stare,  
Nor can one move without erected hair ;  
Till sound of tunefome bells their minds re-cheer,  
And tell what joyful season's drawing near :  
Pale fear then flew ; but yet the converse stood  
Some time aloft, when lo, it was renew'd  
By neighbour Goodman, who that moment came  
Home to attend old Wrongbred and his dame.  
The chat commenc'd about the new-made stile,  
Whether the alteration's worth the while  
Of those whom they had chose with willing voice,  
The times thus to confound when to rejoice ;  
Yet since 'twas done, our Goodman hop'd the state  
Would reap advantage from the alter'd date.

May it be so, Wrongbred in haste reply'd,  
But (being near to bigotry ally'd)

Said

SEVERAL OCCASIONS, 41

Said he should ne'er with true devotion pray  
Upon the morrow, call'd New Christmas-day.  
Then tells of Glastenbury's holy thorn,  
That buds and blossoms on the blessed morn ;  
Sets forth at large, when pleasing midnight peal,  
On Christmas-eve, the welcom'd season hail,  
Before the alter'd time, the flocks and kine  
At sound thereof felt impulse near divine ;  
And on their bended knees did straightway fall,  
E'er since the æra of the sacred stall.

His dame then tells, that her rosemary tree  
Until th' old season is from blooming free ;  
But on that day is with new blossoms crown'd,  
And sheds its fragrant odours all around.  
Again the old man speaks his doubts and fears,  
How since that time he was perplex'd with cares ;  
'Cause in those days, so lost, 'twas plainly seen  
A holy sabbath-day must intervene.

Then

Then talks it o'er how dear all forts of food  
Did daily grow ; nor can he hold it good,  
But finds all things are worse since th' alter'd time,  
Therefore condemns it for a heinous crime ;  
Yea, do not all his betters now contrive  
To ruin health, and luxury revive ?

His speech thus clos'd, Goodman, to reason fit,  
Remarks of luxury with flowing wit ;  
And then relates what fresh came in his mind,  
What had been to his younger years assign'd ;  
How in the letter'd page, intent, he'd read,  
Greeks, Persians, Romans, all in chains were led  
By that curs'd fiend, who prov'd their overthrow,  
That now nought but their empty names we know,

With tears he tells of that most fatal day,  
When English freedom fell to Gauls a prey :  
Recounts the cause, and to them plainly shews  
Excess and ignorance the greatest foes ;

Yea,

Yea, ev'n in those that should by duty prove  
Virtue and Liberty united move.

As sparks the tinder catch, the home-taught boor  
Thus caught these words, and bellow'd out, encore:  
For you must know (tho' member of the church)  
The light of Fox did in his bosom lurch;  
Not that he join'd in ought but paying tythes,  
He thought 'twas feeding drones that robb'd the hives;  
He said that many of the rev'rend gown  
Would forfeit heaven for a mitred crown:  
Nor would attend those courts if that pretence,  
E'en filthy lucre, banish'd were from thence.  
Then forth example brings of men like ~~beasts~~,  
Because too much regarding sumptuous feasts.

Goodman reply'd, in these corrupted times  
Can any live quite spotless from their crimes?  
Art thou a champion in religion's cause,  
And censure its defendants earth-born flaws:

Or

Or dost thou think the rev'rend brotherhood  
Are not frail beings, made of flesh and blood ?  
Were they to wear the gloomy sect'ry's brow,  
Or on them take the cloister'd hermit's vow ;  
Would not these words break from the giddy crowd,  
Humility is lost in churchmen proud :  
Or would not otherwise their actions say,  
They're much too good to mix with brother-clay ?

Almost confounded, Wrongbred stamm'ring cries,  
Yet still they should acquit us of the tythes :  
For we must pay whether we go to hear ;  
I think, my friend—they have above their share.

Goodman again reply'd, is this your zeal,  
T' embrace those very crimes at which you rail ?  
Have you not read the standard of our faith,  
Which in the plainest terms on this wise faith ;  
That those who preach the Gospel should be free  
And live thereon : does this and you agree ?

Oh !

Oh ! was our pastor full of all that's ill,  
 Ne'er mind his charge, nay aid the very d—l;  
 And thou set free of tythes, all would be well,  
 Tho' daily sending untaught souls to h—ll.  
 Neighbour forbear, from prejudice abstain;  
 Look o'er their faults, their good deeds let remain.

Wrongbred abash'd, to Goodman then resign'd  
 The disputation, and in candour join'd  
 This virtuous chief; acknowledging his love,  
 Who could with candour his base mind improve.

Th'attentive youths, who'd heard the long dispute,  
 And wish'd that Goodman might his friend confute;  
 Their chearful gratulations now repay,  
 While Truth and Goodman hail the festive day.

The midnight hour then striking soon began,  
 The holy peal so full of joys to man;

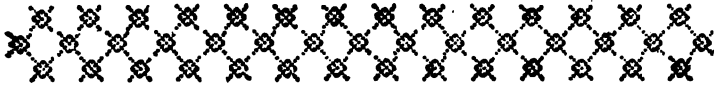
To



To usher in that ever-blessed morn  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born:

Goodman from this a just conclusion brings,  
That talk of different styles are idle things ;  
But bids them all embrace the happy hour  
Now set apart to the Omniscient Pow'r ;  
And to his courts with grateful minds repair,  
To thank him for his all-wise gracious care  
In thus redeeming man from his lost state ;  
And, with due praise, in solemn song repeat  
The mercies of a God most truly Great !

SPRING.



S P R I N G.

CLOATH'D with content, in humble cot I sing  
The rising beauties of the vernal Spring.

Now Winter's dreary countenance is fled,  
And Sol's bright beams enliven Flora's head;  
Now prospects pleasing fill each grateful mind,  
With pious strains to Him, who has assign'd  
The bounteous produce of the teeming earth,  
To satisfy man's wants, and raise his mirth.  
Forth from her yet chill'd bed with ardour view  
The snow-drop rise, array'd in modest hue.  
The golden crocus see too peeping stand,  
And th' early blossom of mezerian.

All in their various order gay appear,  
To celebrate this season of the year.

In

In yon environs drest in verdure gay,  
See sportive lambs in frisky gambols play.  
There walking with my little prattling boys,  
And my lov'd Sufan, partner of my joys ;  
Enraptur'd I beheld the rural plain,  
Exulting cry'd, Oh ! may I ne'er refrain  
To praise that gracious Being most divine,  
Great Author of those gifts which round me shine !

Hark ! hark ! the wakeful lark's harmonious lay,  
With outstretch'd wing salutes the op'ning day :  
While from the woods the wild-note thrushes sing ;  
The tuneful blackbird's joy proclaims the Spring.

The Winter gone, the charming Spring is near,  
Welcome thou fairest season of the year.

Now shoots the cowslip with redoubled pace ;  
Now fragrant v'lets humble bushes grace ;  
Now daisy-tufts abound, with primrose pale,  
While streaked tulips curious eyes regale ;

Narcissus

Narcissus fair, and delicate jonquil,  
And woodbines sweet, the air with odours fill.

See where the little Glyme delightful flows,  
And to the meads its fertile sweets disclose.  
Upon her banks the charming nightingale  
Fills with her warbling notes the flow'ry vale.  
While all the other chanters are at rest,  
What lovely strains arises from her breast:  
Sweetly she sings until the dawn appear,  
Rejoicing in this season of the year.

And now the blooming youths with glee repair  
Unto the fruitful fields, to take the air;  
Or Marlbro's actions in rich tapst'ry view,  
Which tell fam'd Blenheim justly was his due:  
Or led by tales of yore to chrystal stream,  
Where beauty fell a prey to Henry's dame;  
While purling rills in mournful sounds repeat,  
The fairest Rosamond's unhappy fate.

Like statues fix'd, observe yon nymph and swain  
At sad remembrance scarce from tears refrain ;  
Till rous'd by Reason's call, " Fond youths away,  
Nor spend in useless grief the chearful day ;  
Keep that confin'd within its proper sphere,  
Congratulate this season of the year."

And now th' industrious bee with arduous pains,  
In th' hive deposits all her useful gains ;  
Nor aught relying on the changing clime,  
The balmy sweet collects for future time.  
Not so the idle, faunt'ring butterfly,  
Like useless fops, they flutter, dress, and die.

Wrapt up in rosy health, with untaught mien,  
The jolly ploughman's at his labour seen :  
In careless, whistling strain, the toil pursues,  
Yet not unmindful what from thence accrues :  
He knows no want, ha'nt wherewith to abound,  
Contented views the seasons rolling round.

With

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 51

With upright heart his God he doth revere,  
Which adds fresh charms to those that now ap-  
pear :  
May all thus well enjoy this season of the year.



T H E



T H E

## M O U N T E B A N K.

**N**OW mounts Jack-pudding on the lofty stage  
 T' attend great Cure-all thro' his mimic rage,  
 And thus his garb with witty jeer defends,  
 An open fool, dear Sirs, on you depends.  
 Addressing his learn'd audience on this wise,  
 Pleased he hears the loud ha ! ha ! arise ;  
 Omen portentous where the humour lies.

But yet he strove, and play'd his tricks in vain,  
 The doctor too perform'd his part with pain ;  
 Nay, stallion-like, made pedigree the test,  
 Thinking the father \* reign'd in ev'ry breast ;

But

\* Dr. L—w—s, a notable physician.

But found 'twas wrong : 'tis not the many cures  
 That this refin'd, all-gambling age allures.  
 Hair-lips, king's-evil, cancers, deadly ills,  
 In vain he boasts his balm each cure fulfils,  
 In vain he tells the virtue of his pills.

Like senseless marble stood the gaping throng ;  
 No plaudits echo'd, tho' his wily tongue  
 Its utmost pleads : nay, that he may succeed,  
 Paupers he heals by charitable deed,

Would any those who feel affliction's storms,  
 To him apply, his gen'rous breast so warms  
 To give them ease ; nor think he's like that tribe  
 Who plead for murder can they gain a bribe.  
 No ; bids them come to him in public view,  
 That all may see the wonders he can do.  
 His harangue ended ; but alas ! the theme  
 Gain'd no admittance, till Delusion came,  
 And Poëms sung how great was Fortune's fame.



The crowd thus caught, the doctor shews a prize  
Of glitt'ring plate ; and he who fortune tries,  
Shall sov'reign balsam, powder, pills receive  
Gratis ; if not, brand him a common knave.  
'Tis done, and now behold the village-chuck,  
His bended stake's thrown up for better luck ;  
The cobbler's awl, joiners and masons rules,  
Too plain descry'd a great increase of fools,  
Others in lucky numbers much confide,  
When Reason's lost then Folly takes the guide,  
One, says the first, as principal is best ;  
Another, that the happy nine is blest ;  
Tho' not encouraged by old Galen's sons,  
Yet sure the nine a fav'rite number runs.

Nine morns the infant through the briar goes  
To stem the cough from whence much mischief flows ;  
Nine morns pale youths unto the kine repair  
To drink their milk and suck the fragrant air,

To

To drive away consumption's skinny train,  
 And brace the nerves under its lucky reign.  
 While yet a third resolves to try his fate  
 By Freedom's number, if perchance that date :  
 His wish could gain, no one should him deprive  
 Of his lov'd fortune set in forty-five.

Mean-time the doctor, with looks most demure,  
 Bids Folly's sons of hidden marks besure ;  
 Shews them the ticket which the prize contains,  
 And with his plea of honour them detains ;  
 And that his plan with justice may agree,  
 Two boys are plac'd, from base intrig'ing free :  
 Again the gaudy toy's expos'd to view,  
 Again it takes among the childish crew ;  
 While round his court the busy buzz is heard,  
 For trifling shilling shall I be deterr'd  
 From seeking Fortune in so fair a way,  
 Who knows but I may meet success to-day ?

With such-like talk does each himself confound,  
 And gladly listens to the golden sound :  
 In haste throws up (first ty'd in lucky knot)  
 His handkerchief, to hold the happy lot.  
 Then ribbands, knives, and gloves appear in swarms,  
 Who but the owners know their several charms ?  
 All, all still wishing for the flatt'ring toy ;  
 And more the ideots, more the doctor's joy,

Now sounds the Andrew's horn to Fortune's train,  
 And now th' imprudent herd from talk refrain ;  
 Close wrapt in deepest thought see them appear ;  
 See how suspended 'twixt vain hope and fear :  
 Till loud-tongu'd Fame proclaim'd the happy he ;  
 Dame Fortune's choice, and partner of her glee,  
 Deceit, with smiles, did like a jilt attend,  
 Th' unhappy blanks they greet their lucky friend ;  
 And then th' accomplish'd doctor's works defend. }  
 One praises balsam, t'other powders fine ;  
 His cake and pills, their virtues how divine.

Not

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 57

Not but Confusion wild put in its claim :  
For, oh ! sad tale : her luck to try, a dame  
The handkerchief most rare, that did adorn  
Her snowy breast upon the nuptial morn,  
Had thither sent ; but base Fraud, never true,  
Receiv'd the precious pledge, and with it flew,  
Then what ensu'd, my Muse must not relate,  
Left scandal triumph o'er the marriage state.

Yet Fortune's cause the giddy throng maintain'd  
With much success, until Experience deign'd  
To call in Prudence ; when that heav'n-born maid  
Brought Reason and Discretion to her aid.  
When lo ! their eyes were open'd, and each found  
Himself deluded, and with folly crown'd.

HAMPTON-



## H A M P T O N - G A Y .

**R**EMOTE from noise, near Cherwell's gliding  
stream,

A village stands, long great in yewy fame ;  
So far enrich'd with all the charms of May,  
That rural sweetness crown'd it Hampton-Gay.  
But ah ! gone are those days, when void of care,  
Each rustick's mein proclaim'd its fragrant air ;  
When they were taught those sacred truths to know,  
Which, if pursu'd, make life with pleasure flow.  
When they from rev'rend Hindes instruction gain'd,  
Whose grave discourse God's attributes maintain'd,

When Sol's bright beams had banish'd winter's train,  
To view this vill I went in musing strain ;

Where

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 39

Where soft Retirement's ever lonesome mood  
Enthroned sat, with sweetest solitude:  
While thoughtful Contemplation's studious mind,  
The three-fold state of Quietness conjoin'd.  
Beneath this shield advancing, then to view  
Nature and art encircling solemn yew;  
Whose green-clad dress as close the mound conceal'd,  
As Phœbus when by dark December veil'd.

Blest be the mem'ry of the planter's hand,  
Who, with true skill, set forth a chosen band \*  
Of twelve; which he, in token of respect,  
Call'd the Apostles: striving to effect  
Some thoughts of bless'd futurity to those,  
Who, free from fancies vain, reflection chose.

Near this all-pleasing view, still in yew drest,  
The vehicle † of high-life is exprest,

With

\* The twelve apostles.

† A coach, horses, and attendants.

With all its gaudy charms ; inspiring joys,  
To those deluded by such bubbling toys.

Quitting the flatt'ring scene, I straightway came  
To two \*, whom Fancy, mov'd with holy flame,  
Nam'd after those, who foremost danger dar'd,  
When tyrant Pharaoh fresh insults prepar'd,  
For innocence confin'd in flav'ry's bands,  
To make them dread his impious commands ;  
But when such tyrants raise their people's hate,  
May ever they receive a Pharaoh's fate.

Further proceeding in the holy page,  
Instant were seen, emblems † of lust in age,  
Assaulting Chastity's ‡ untainted ear ;  
They, rob'd in secrecy, had nought to fear.

Degen'rate Palestine ! thine elders strove,  
With wond'rous art each hindrance to remove,

T' accomplish

\* Moses and Aaron.

† The two elders.

‡ Sufannah.

T' accomplish what in youth is sure a curse,  
But when to age conjoin'd, is doubly worse.

Goodness divine ! look down upon this land  
Ready to sink, if thy all-gracious hand  
Does not impede foul lust's impetuous reign,  
Whose vot'ries lewd, no sacred ties restrain.  
Tell me, ye guardians of a compact state,  
Can lust, or luxury, e'er make you great ?  
Are ye resolv'd in vice to be enroll'd,  
That shamefully his mysteries unfold ?  
And you, ye monsters, drest like human kind,  
What can restrain, when gratitude won't bind ?  
Reflect awhile, this sacred precept scan,  
When virtue's lost, you sink beneath the man.

Ye careless fair, who wait at vice's shrine,  
That thoughtless thus, your marriage faith resign,  
What bliss can e'er attend a nuptial life,  
When rank adult'ry centers in the wife ?

What



What ought avails angelic form or face,  
If beauty's made the path to vile disgrace ?

The planter's art did never more abound,  
Than his adorning this delightful ground  
With recreations of a manly age ;  
For leaving sacred forms, the eyes engage  
A well-match'd \* pair, arrang'd with curious skill,  
Now call'd the champions of this fertile vill ;  
To shew religion, gloominess unbinds,  
And bids diversion cheer our weary minds.

Retiring from the gardens, straight I found  
Sad desolation had usurp'd the bound  
Of Hampton, once the gay, when joy o'erspread  
The cottage swain, to toil and labour bred.  
'Twas then content attended by his side,  
And gave him comfort with a spotless bride ;

Gave

\* In imitation of two men playing at backsword.

**SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 63**

Gave him the pleasures of an infant race,  
While sparks of virtue in each breast took place :  
But now, alas ! clos'd is the pleasing scene,  
Where mirth and innocence did intervene :  
Alas ! the pleasing sounds are heard no more  
Of rural pipe and tabor at the door ;  
When each bright nymph and swain did jocund sing,  
And welcom'd in the dance, returning Spring.

Ye health-cloath'd swains of this now hapless vill,  
Ye sprightly nymphs, exert your utmost skill,  
While you lament and mourn gay Hampton's woe.  
While you rehearse from whence her evils flow,

When some kind hand, to piety inclin'd,  
With true devotion, join'd a gen'rous mind,  
His fervent zeal a fabrick did erect,  
That Sabbaths might not pass by with neglect :  
And with pure flame the same did dedicate  
Unto his service, who had made him great.

Then

Then were the gospel-truths set forth at large;  
Religion flourish'd from the pastor's charge;  
And when man's enemy had so contriv'd  
To still those rites, late pious Hindes reviv'd  
The noble plan: each Sabbath-day he taught  
His flock *those truths*, which their salvation brought!  
Yea, when this sacred house fell to decay,  
And every broken fence in ruins lay,  
He to its pristine fame again restor'd,  
A breast so firm, the Deity ador'd;  
When lo! that goodness which first gave him breath,  
Bid Nature call him to the shades of death!  
Oh! tell ye not in Gath the mighty's fall,  
Nor publish it abroad of Hampton's thrall:  
Sorrow has join'd itself to dire distress,  
Deep melancholy makes it her recess.

Oh! bounteous Being! why art thou so long  
From these thy servants? who, in mournful song,  
Their

Their heart-felt woes, their grievous loss explore,  
 Religion's fled, the Preacher is no more!  
 Behold the sacred mansions of the dead  
 Laid waste by feet \* prophane, who daily tread  
 Those courts, where to thy name they did resort,  
 Where now, alas! they spend in impious sport,  
 Thine holy Sabbaths! —————

Deign then, Supreme, in pity to this place  
 Involv'd in folly, to restore thy grace,  
 And send a pastor, to all truth ally'd,  
 To preach (like Paul) *Christ Jesus crucify'd!*  
 Then shall the swains make thee their only stay,  
 And true devotion reign in Hampton-Gay.

\* Playing at cricket in the church-yard on Sunday, June 9, 1771.

THE  
 F  
 THE



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 67

As her attendants : near this pleasing scene  
A grove appear'd, drest in delightful green,  
Wherein the airy songsters warbling lay,  
Chaunted their pæans each return of day ;  
Instructing man his wand'ring thoughts to raise,  
And gratefully set forth his Maker's praise:

The choristers had now their tribute paid  
With tuneful song, in pleasure all array'd,  
Hopp'd careles up and down from spray to spray,  
Sweetly regaling on the luscious pea :  
Or else in plucking from each loaded tree,  
The currant's juice, or much lov'd gooseberry.

A sprightly Thrush, the foremost in the choir,  
Unto a lofty pear-tree did aspire :  
The hawk had long beheld him with despite,  
But close-clipt wings restrain'd his tow'ring flight ;  
Unus'd to pity, when in prime of youth,  
And now, sworn foe to innocence and truth,

Unto the Lady of the grove convey'd  
Malicious tales, and to her thus he said :  
Great Madam, —————

A subject ever yours, most lowly craves,  
One truly number'd in your list of slaves ;  
That you'll vouchsafe to lend a gracious ear  
To him, that ever will your laws reverse.  
In yonder tree, there sits a bird most vile,  
Whose chief delight's to live by theft and spoil :  
Nay soon you'll find, that his delusive tongue  
Will draw allegiance from the feather'd throng,  
Unless you make such traitors to obey,  
A period's put to all your boasted sway :  
Therefore exert your pow'r, unstring his breath,  
And send him quiv'ring to the shades of death.  
Thus did the hawk, like his ungen'rous kind,  
With flatt'ring speech deprave an honest mind :  
For instantly foul Envy, tho' unseen,  
Around the Lady curl'd her venom'd spleen ;  
While

While Jealousy and Anger, swift as thought,  
 Flew to Revenge, that cursed fiend they brought,  
 And join'd to Wrath : thus aided, she arose  
 To send forth Vengeance on her harmless foes ;  
 Then strictly orders that the horrid gun,  
 E'er Sol had up to his meridian-run,  
 Should make such carnage with the feather'd race,  
 That the survivors, glad would quit the place.

These words a forward youth perform'd with  
 speed,  
 With Mischief prim'd, he made the warblers bleed :  
 With fatal aim, of life depriv'd the Thrush,  
 And dealt his murders round to ev'ry bush.

Thus, when those in employ with haste engage,  
 Oft virtue suffers by their brutal rage :  
 And thus young Allen, by a rash command,  
 And by as rash a Scotch obedient hand,  
 Receiv'd his fate within fair Freedom's land.



Disorder and Confusion trembling came,  
 Dismay'd Amazement seiz'd their savage frame :  
 The Dryads mourn'd in most dejected strain,  
 To lose the songsters of their leafy reign,  
 Who flew, by flocks, into the boxen-trees,  
 Lamenting loss of joy and liberty.  
 But the young Thrush's fate was most deplor'd,  
 Whose virtuous theme had made him much ador'd ;  
 His hapless dam now sat with pensive breast ;  
 Near her, her mate in melancholy drest ;  
 Hard by, the blackbird's solitary air  
 Too plainly told, that sorrow reigned there ;  
 While finches, wrens, and robins perch'd around  
 With drooping wings, in silent grief profound.  
 At length speech burst from the afflicted dam :  
 My much-wrong'd friends, alas ! the blameless  
     lamb  
 Is daily made a victim, yet man pleads  
 He was design'd to satisfy his needs :

Admit

Admit his plea in that, what vain pretence  
 To murder mine ; is this his boasted sense ?  
 His plea to reason, which he calls divine,  
 Are these the realms where truth and justice shine ?  
 What tho' she is the mistress of the grove,  
 Oh hateful thought ! where my endearing love,  
 The only pledge of five young nestlings rear'd,  
 Receiv'd his fate, which all my joys impair'd.  
 She should have strove to save a helpless band,  
 By sending Prudence with her dread command ;  
 To sift the artful tale her slave preferr'd,  
 Who long had fix'd his hatred on the bird :  
 But when false sycophants infect the ear,  
 My sad companions, think the danger near.  
 She could no more, when thus her mate began :  
 And must we yet be slaves to tyrant man ?  
 Oh had my loss been but a private cause !  
 Or, had my son dy'd for subverting laws !  
 Tho' in his prime, to speak I had not deign'd,  
 But my affliction in my breast contain'd.

Nature has form'd us for man's joyous mirth,  
And in return, the blessings of the earth  
She has bestow'd on us ; reptiles and fruits  
Are our just claim, and what belong to brutes ;  
When any of those rights invaded be,  
The law of Nature bids us to be free.  
Therefore my judgment is, without delay,  
To send forth deputies, free from dismay,  
Unto our lady ; and the rook and crow,  
Let them be chose to represent our woe.  
His speech was crown'd with chirruping applause,  
For all were zealous in so just a cause.  
A finch and wren unto the woods were sent,  
To tell the deputies of their intent ;  
Which, when they heard, with flapping wings they  
flew  
In haste, such happiness appear'd in view :  
Skimming the airy space, they soon arriv'd  
Near to the grove of which they were depriv'd :

But

But yet their hospitable boxen-feat  
Still gave relief to their distressed state.

The deputies arriv'd, the mournful Thrush  
Thus said : All ye the chaunters of each bush,  
In this extreme most seriously advise ;  
The blackbird interrupts : Oh ! should there spies  
Here shelter take, for such pernicious ends,  
As disunite the counsels of our friends !  
And then sets forth in adulating strain,  
That our attempts against the hawk are vain ;  
Would not our resolution meet dismay ?  
And thus distracted, fall an easy prey !

Searching, they found a lapwing had, unseen,  
Crept in a yew, that had a fav'rite been ;  
Yet, by ill management, had been cashier'd,  
And now, with treach'ry, for advancement steer'd.  
Knowing this traytor, and that his intent  
Was still to keep the choir in banishment ;

And

And wanted, by base means, to reinstate  
Himself in favour with the hawk so great,  
They instant sent him to a distant plain :  
And that Sedition never should arraign  
Them of intention to subvert the laws,  
Duteous Loyalty with loud Applause  
Straitway proceeded; join'd by Caution great,  
And thus the charge to th' agents did relate :  
Much honour'd Dame, —————

Your faithful subjects with petition stand,  
Imploring your kind aid against that band  
Of wicked miscreants, who daily spread  
Throughout your grove Corruption's baleful head :  
Nay, using your great name, with lawless sway  
They gave such counsel on this fatal day;  
And thus with flatt'ring wiles gain'd your consent  
And forc'd your subjects into banishment,  
Nor have they us'd their dreadful arms in vain,  
To murder innocence they yet maintain,

Still

Still brandishing the sword of ill-got might,  
 They daily strive to banish lawful right ;  
 Therefore we hope that your all-gracious care  
 Will far remove these harpies from your ear ;  
 Then search our deeds, and let them fall or stand  
 By the unerring judgment of this land ;  
 Restoring thus our rights, which Nature gave,  
 Your distress'd warblers you will ever save ;  
 And we shall ever hope joys may extend  
 To you and yours till time shall have no end.

This was the charge the feather'd songsters gave,  
 When those deputed instantly took leave ;  
 And forthwith flew into the grove forlorn,  
 From whence the chaunters had so late been torn.  
 Oppression, with his iron rod, had made  
 It his retreat, and now demanded aid  
 Of Violence and Wrong, to stem the storm  
 Of injur'd Right's to them most horrid form :

While

While soothing Flattery's infectious flame,  
 Thought to consume the warblers loyal theme ;  
 But all their wiles were quash'd like drops of rain,  
 Which, when they once are fall'n, none can regain.

Thus have I seen pale Famine's meagre cheek  
 Use Riot's turbulent relief to seek ;  
 Unbinding Property's most sacred laws,  
 Nor could it rescued be from Hunger's jaws ;  
 But when stern Justice rear'd her upright head,  
 Self-judging Guilt them told that Hope was fled :  
 Tho' pleading famish'd Want's unhappy state  
 Compassion mov'd, but Justice seal'd their fate.  
 And shall those then abound, who pay their court  
 To Rapine's lawless shrine, and daily sport  
 With poor men's ancient rights? Shall such vile  
 crimes

Receive the sanction of these virtuous times?  
 Shall Famine's sons their lives to Justice yield;  
 And those remain, who joining field to field

Distress

Distress increase, regardless of that woe  
 Pronounc'd on those who thus with mischief flow?  
 Shall Vengeance now retard her winged flight,  
 While such vile maxims vicious men delight?  
 Oh! Patience haste, thy balmy influence shed,  
 And stop Destruction's all-devouring head:  
 Send Hope to comfort the now wretched poor,  
 Dying thro' want in midst of plenteous store.  
 Say that Calamity here soon shall end,  
 Nor be dismay'd, for they have yet a friend,  
 Who instant can their foes to ruin send.

The Lady, walking in the grove, then view'd  
 The num'rous ills of anger unsubdu'd,  
 While sad Confusion, Folly to upbraid,  
 Withdrew, and left her in Grief's lonesome shade.  
 Thus pensive and afflicted, Reason came  
 And thus address'd her: Hear, O much-wrong'd  
 dame!

Let



Let Prudence be your guide, recall in haste  
 The banish'd chaunters to their native place.  
 She paus'd ; when those deputed, who had seen,  
 From walnut-tree, her agitated mein,  
 Flew down, and with submission did present  
 The charge : she read, and soon appear'd content.  
 With pleasing rays, while Mercy ever kind,  
 To those in charge beam'd forth her godlike mind.  
 Go forth, said she, and bring the warbling train,  
 Tell them that Nature's rights shall e'er remain,  
 Yea, tell them, Justice most severe shall fall  
 On her offenders, be they great or small.  
 In haste they flew unto the feather'd state,  
 With glowing breasts and happiness complete !  
 Like to a culprit whom laws won't relieve,  
 Until the sov'reign grants him a reprieve ;  
 When under sentence, all his pleasure dies,  
 But when revers'd, joy gushes from his eyes.

E'en

E'en so the choristers dejected late,  
Expecting confirmation of their fate;  
Until the deputies, with gladform hearts,  
Remove their useless fears; then pleasure starts  
From all their trilling breasts; with quivering wings  
Each now exhorts his mate to joy, and sings  
This happy chorus: All ye warblers love,  
Honour, obey, the *Lady of the Grove*:



## SUNDAY.

**T**HE holy morn is come; the solemn bell  
 Bids man prepare, and worldly thoughts expel;  
 Bids him arise on Contemplation's wing,  
 And to Omniscience grateful praises sing:  
 To sing the kindness of a Saviour's love,  
 Who dy'd to fix him with the blest above;  
 Who rent the grave, man's enemy to quell,  
 And rose triumphant over Death and Hell!  
 Who then vouchsaf'd, a Comforter divine,  
 T' improve the heart and make devotion shine;  
 T' instil pure notions of th' Almighty's sway,  
 And raise a rev'rence for this sacred day;  
 A day ordain'd for holiness and praise,  
 Made sacred by Jehovah's wond'rous ways!

The

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 81

The willing steer, likewise the useful steed,  
 And drudging aſs, are now from labour freed.  
 Oh Goodneſs' great! thus gracious to ordain,  
 To man and beaſt, relief from ſlav'ry's pain.  
 While at each altar rev'rend paſtors ſtand,  
 With zeal pronouncing this all-wiſe command;  
 Remember that the Sabbath holy be  
 To thou, O man; and what belongs to thee:  
 Command divine! but hark, what noiſe abounds;  
 What's that which now the heav'nly charge con-  
 founds?

Behold Neceſſity erects her ſhrine,  
 With ſway moſt abſolute, to undermine  
 The holy precept; while her vot'ries plead  
 Her preſſing ſanction for each impious deed:  
 'Tis ſhe that's urg'd, when members of a ſtate  
 Renown'd for wiſdom, ſacred laws defeat:  
 When nobles drive like Phæton round the world,  
 Nor heed his fate, who was in folly hurl'd:

G

When,

When, deaf to all restraint, each high-bred chief  
Bids grov'ling clowns obey, nor yields relief  
Unto the weary beast : lo ! this is man  
That first promotes, then braves the sacred plan.

Like to the head o'er which infection reigns,  
That soon pollutes the blood in distant veins ;  
E'en so ill precepts will their poison spread  
Among inferiors, when by greatness led.

They, tho' in midst of pray'r, sin to atone,  
And begging blessings from a gracious throne :  
Should but the clatt'ring chaise Sir John convey,  
Or should his Grace or Lordship pass this way,  
Would leave Religion, cease t' adore their God,  
Nor heed the smart of his avenging rod.

But let us view how this assertion stands,  
And those who ready follow base commands.

His

His lordship's just arriv'd at yonder inn,  
 Long time renown'd respect from all to win,  
 And is forth shew'd into a spacious room,  
 Which by his presence throws off Sorrow's gloom.  
 He takes his seat; while Fashion, at his heel,  
 The town extols for curious gloves and steel.  
 The hint thus giv'n; lo! messages are sent  
 To those well skill'd, the precious wares to vent.  
 These, now at worship, cloath'd in ermin'd state,  
 And bending underneath the pond'rous weight  
 Of magistracy; pray'r and pomp resign,  
 To offer sacrifice at Mammon's shrine:  
 Yea, forthwith shun devotion as a crime,  
 Like Felix leaving till another time.

Of fur divest, th' artizans now see,  
 To quiet qualm, invoke Necessity,  
 Who sat enthron'd betwixt the hungry cares  
 Of deep Distress and Wealth's abounding fears.

While lawless Rapine, by Profusion rear'd,  
Join'd idle Sloth, and at her shrine appear'd;  
With ruffians, thieves, and state-knaves, to renew  
Their plea for wrongs that Need had led them to;

Abolv'd from inward fears by such deceit,  
Thus frequent crimes oft form a callous state;  
For, leaving self-delusion, we behold  
Each artist hugging his delightful gold;  
Nor will, tho' arm'd with pow'r, advance one plea  
'Gainst thus abusing this most hallow'd day:  
Or tell his lordship what destruction's made  
With Virtue, when a Sabbath's spent in trade.  
No; first let Virtue fall, let Sabbaths fly,  
When gold commands, all justice we defy!

Prophaneness now beheld the laws asleep,  
That rulers, like false shepherds, would not keep  
Charge o'er their straggling flocks, call'd in her train  
Of scoffers profligate, Vice to maintain;

Then

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 85

Then sent forth Custom, with extensive sway,  
To banish Sanctity in open day ;  
Pluckt Reason down, bid senseless Ign'rance rise,  
And her great charms extoll'd unto the skies.

Deluded by the force of this vile deed,  
Whole troops now follow of yet lower breed ;  
No more the sacred sounds now glad the ear,  
But each one loads himself with carking care.  
The toiling carrier in a former age,  
When Virtue flourish'd, gladly would assuage  
His thirst of gain ; and, with a pious breast,  
Return Him thanks who sent a day of rest.  
But now an age most impiously renown'd,  
That ill for good, alas ! does oft confound ;  
Brings forth those men who will destruction draw,  
Nor heed the curse of breaking sacred law.  
Yet will these wretches put on Need's great plea,  
Thinking to keep Omnipotence at bay ;



Or, Naaman like, a composition make;  
Tho' Christian faith they'd quit for Mammon's fake.

Ye self-will'd herd, call Reason to unbend  
Your ill-warp'd minds, and to her theme attend :  
When waters flow, and floods abroad remain,  
When icy snows the groaning wheels detain,  
Need's then a virtue; lighten each vast load,  
The day reverse, and silent pass the road.  
But should foul Practice follow at your heels,  
And Sabbaths oft be spent in trimming wheels;  
Should parcels be deliver'd from each cart,  
Nay, load and unload like as in a mart;  
Though usage so far fway the thoughtless great,  
As now to hold days sacred obsolete ;  
Tho' magistrates their duty will neglect,  
And even treat Prophaneness with respect :  
Yet will stern Vengeance baffle such vile ways,  
And send Distraction forth instead of Ease ;

Yea,

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

87

Yea, tho' Prosperity's all-pleasing state  
Here you attend : alas ! the book of fate  
Is ready op'd, and life stands on the verge  
Of infinite duration ; can we urge  
One plea of merit to support the cause  
Of violating the Almighty's laws ?  
Rather, while Time awaits, let each amend,  
And strive to make an injur'd God a friend :  
Then shall Religion with true pleasure shine,  
And Sabbaths be rever'd with zeal divine !





# INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

## A DIALOGUE.

SLOTH.

**W**HENCE Industry, this haste? come rest a-  
while,

And see how joy and pleasure round me smile.

Lay by the irksome spade and toiling plough,

Nor strive to aid th' inventive workman's brow ;

I long to see thy back from labour bend,

To taste my harmless joys, my much-lov'd friend.

INDUSTRY.

Oh Sloth! thy wiles, tho' many as the sands,

Can't gain me to thy peace-destroying bands.

Are not thy offspring careless Negligence,

Sopineness lazy, and dull Indolence?

Then

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 89

When leave thy tam'ring arts, nor yet pretend  
To Industry the kindness of a friend.

S L O T H.

Thy kindred I well know are active Speed,  
Lively Alertness, and compelling Need ;  
But then Content is near ally'd to me,  
Embrace my charms, lo ! her I'll give to thee.

I N D U S T R Y.

How dare you claim that lovely fair as thine,  
For sweet Content can ne'er with thee combine ?  
To chearful Labour long has she been wed,  
And Industry's the produce of her bed.

S L O T H.

What Labour wed Content ? I thought her mine.

I N D U S T R Y.

Rather let Diffipation own thy line :

Her

Her trifling projects tell from whence she came,  
And how far distant from Content's pure name.

S L O T H.

Thy busy hands procure the sweating brow ;  
While mine both joy and pleasure see allow.  
My parent Ease protects me from Care's sting ;  
Where lies the bliss that flows from Labour's spring?

I N D U S T R Y.

Tho' Ease and Dissipation scatter Care,  
Alas ! how soon flies each revolving year ;  
Like bubbles rise and fall thy gleams of joy,  
But mine are pleasures which can never cloy !

S L O T H.

Do not thy works abound with anxious Care,  
Wealth's produce, and the prostitute of Fear ?

I N D U S T R Y.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 91

### INDUSTRY.

My works are such as keep the mind employ'd,  
Thought-working toil fills up the empty void.

### SLOTH.

Once as I saunter'd thro' the mazy grove,  
Lo! there I spy'd the first-born of thy love,  
Whose name was Skill, he, by Invention join'd,  
Against my orders instantly combin'd:  
By them thus brav'd, their cunning to withstand,  
Forthwith I sent, endow'd with full command,  
My downy chief, ev'n Indolence, to bear  
Fair Slumber to me thro' the breezy air:  
She came, I wrapt her in the lov'd disguise  
Of lulling Rest; when lo! their active eyes  
Sunk in their orbs; o'ercome with shame they fell,  
And I the glorious deed enraptur'd tell.

### INDUSTRY.

Sol had not op'd the chambers of the day,  
When Diligence, next morn, thee to repay,

Awak'ed

Awak'd my Skill from 'his delusive dream,  
 And bid Invention raise my drooping fame :  
 Thus fir'd they flew, arm'd with the wings of Speed,  
 To recompence thy treach'rous drowsy deed.  
 Affiduous thus, they came into my fields,  
 Renown'd for all which Nature grateful yields  
 To Cultivation: Didst thou then beguile  
 My favour'd race, while Diligence with smile  
 Led bravely on? No; near high noon you came,  
 With base design, to stem their arduous flame :  
 But how you strove to introduce Deceit,  
 And how then foil'd, with triumph I'll relate!

When as the noon-tide bid Refreshment cheer  
 My toiling sons, then all thy train drew near;  
 But chiefly Indolence, with gaping mien,  
 Hover'd around, while on the turfey green  
 The heroes sat, and, with a yawning grace,  
 Would have receiv'd them to her loath'd embrace;  
 Alertness this beheld, and straitway flew,  
 With hasty Speed, the conflict to renew.

Unequal

Unequal combat ; all thy sleepy train  
Were quickly banish'd from the lovely plain:  
E'er since confin'd to yonder wretched grounds,  
Where curse primæval ev'ry where abounds ;  
Lo ! there they sit, 'midst briars and foul thorn,  
While noxious weeds thy very courts adorn.  
There wretched Indigence does on thee wait,  
With idle Rumour, to defend their hate  
On me and mine ; and, ah ! that thoughtless thou,  
Shouldst strive to bind the shadow of each vow.

## S L O T H.

Am not I absolute ; my vot'ries free ;  
And is not Indigence ally'd to thee ?  
For Negligence receiv'd thy Skill's embrace,  
And brought for Indigence as our joint race.  
Then, as we're close ally'd, let Hatred go  
From Industry, nor brand me as thy foe.

## I N D U S T R Y.



## I N D U S T R Y.

An humble poverty, with will resign'd,  
Oft brings forth virtues of the brightest kind:  
To see man conquer, when by odds oppress'd,  
A scene discovers worthy of the blest:  
But when with Sloth sad Poverty is found,  
When nought but rags and laziness abound,  
Her I disown, nor will assistance give,  
While she with thy vile train attempts to live.  
Cease then these useless wiles to gain thy ends,  
For Industry and Sloth can ne'er be friends.



CON-



# CONTENTMENT.

WHAT greater happiness below  
 Can we poor mortals find;  
 Than sweet Contentment here to know,  
 Join'd with a pious mind.

Regardful of the present hour,  
 Let life pass on with ease;  
 Cherish Content; that precious flow'r,  
 Is comfort in disease.

Frail is the state we now enjoy;  
 But blessings are in store  
 For those who thus themselves employ,  
 When swift-wing'd Time's no more.



To Mr. T. D.

**T**HAT cobbler mean  
Should ascertain

To give T. D. direction,  
Is something high,  
But not awry,  
If worthy his inspection.

For your repast,  
I've sent at last,  
Dear Sir let it not pause ye;  
To say what will,  
You won't take ill,  
If any mirth it cause ye.

Last

Last Friday noon,  
 With glee eftsoon,  
 I faw Mifs M—ll—y Cr—y;  
 Had you been one,  
 This had not come,  
 Nor had I been thus funny.

But you not there,  
 The truth I fwear,  
 Of your great parts I boasted;  
 Who could do lefs,  
 The reason guefs,  
 My old friend's health was toafted.

At father's houfe  
 Was this caroufe,  
 Your crime was be'ng neglectful;  
 In future fure  
 Do fomething more,  
 And correspond respectful.

H

As

As you can write,  
Then don't deny't,  
To her by this day fe'night:  
'Tis no extreme,  
Employ your theme,  
And mind your friend

John Bennet.





To Miss M—— C——.

ON HER APPROACHING WEDDING DAY.

**T**HE day is near, the happy morn,  
That renders you a bride ;  
May you the nuptial state adorn,  
As well as that you've try'd.

When beauty's charms shall fade away,  
Blasted by hoary age ;  
Your virtues never will decay,  
Not when life quits the stage.

Like to the skilful mariner,  
Who wafts his bark to shore,  
Though stormy tempests rage and blow,  
Though foamy billows roar.

E'en so, if Prudence lead the way,  
Be you by storms distress'd ;  
Make but the chiefest Good your stay,  
And you'll be ever blest.



ON HER WEDDING DAY.

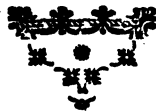
**R**EJOICE, rejoice ! the rustick sings,  
Lay all your cares aside :  
Of Damon gay the village rings,  
And Phillida his bride.

See, see, the train of bridal nymphs,  
In Virtue's mien array'd ;  
White as the snow-crown'd Alpine tops,  
To grace the charming maid.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 101

All looks are drest like ~~Flora~~ gay,  
When wrapt in Sol's embrace ;  
And ringing, finging, crowns the day,  
Joy gladdens ev'ry face.

Rejoice, rejoice ! the rustick fings,  
Lay all your cares aside ;  
Of Damon gay the village rings,  
And Phillida his bride.







To Mr. T. D.

Dear Tom,

W H E N one intends  
Firm love to friends,  
He'll shun all vain addressing,  
And let truth shine,  
Which, like good wine,  
Will render it refreshing.

For can you view  
Th' ills that accrue,  
Where shoals of flatt'ers rise,  
Or aim to find  
Th' untainted mind,  
While all th' infection prize.

Yet

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 103

Yet tho' plain truth  
Is styl'd uncouth,  
Had Kings a downright letter;  
To know how stood  
Their flesh and blood,  
Friend Tom we should live better.

But leaving state  
To better pate,  
Let's view the wedding morning;  
When D. was blest,  
And Poll at rest,  
How pleasant the adorning!

No grief or care  
That day were there,  
They were revers'd for other:  
But yet I wish  
Such bitter dish  
May ne'er come to my brother.

Excepting ease  
From thee crave  
The goodness of thy God;  
Then may thy heart  
Light taste the smart  
Of his avenging rod.

Like Jack and Sue  
May you be true,  
And bear each other's failing;  
And shun the road,  
Too much the mode  
In marriage, strife and railing.





TO A K I N S M A N.

SOME time ago I sent a line  
Unto my brother Dick ;  
Yet free from any ill design,  
Tho' you play'd such a trick

Upon your loving country kin,  
Upon poor honest Jack ;  
Who, mindless of the times he's in,  
Throws care behind his back.

Yet can't forget to thank you still,  
For all the joy and mirth  
That he receiv'd from you, dear Will,  
When treading country earth.

Oh !

Oh ! how your company did please,

How pleasant life did roll ;

All discontent was set at ease,

Till back to town you stole.

Yet not before the courfers ran

Upon fam'd Oxford's mead,

Where you, dear friend, was at a stand,

When in the slough you stray'd.

Had you but unto Woodstock came,

Instead of Isis mud ;

You might have roll'd in Friendship's flame,

And clarify'd your blood,

With all the joys can be exprest

From freedom and good cheer ;

Nay more, I would have had you blest

With Bowley's all-fam'd beer.

Dear

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 107

Dear Cüz excuse these merry jokes,

As mirth is drawing near ;

A joyful time to you and folks,

I wish with heart sincere.

Dec. 16.



Receiving some Eels through Mistake, occasioned  
the following Lines

To a K I N S W O M A N.

AS slipp'ry as an eel, we oftimes say,  
Don't wonder then five eels should slip away ;  
Slipt from the father to a slipp'ry son,  
Dear Poll forgive the slip that I have done.

To frame excuses, and on them to plead,  
I might enlarge, did not my heart upbraid

Me

Me with base falshood ; but the whole direction  
Too plainly told me of my own defection.  
It was entitled : how dar'd I pretend  
To violate the presents of a friend.

Oh ! Flatt'ry curst, that my base heart did greet,  
And lat'rest worse, when they together meet ;  
Sway'd by the one, to t'other quite a slave,  
I fear I've prov'd myself both f— and k—.



EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

SAYS Soot to the Lawyer,  
Whence comes it about;  
Though we're both black in trade,  
That none at you flout?

In city and village  
All flee at your frown;  
But we, like to strollers,  
Must call ev'ry town.

Ha! ha! quoth the penman,  
You work to the light!  
While we, quite contrary,  
Make deeds dark as night.

To





To his B R O T H E R.

WHEN Cousin Will from London came  
 Amongst us country folk ;  
 I hop'd to find him just the same,  
 Ha ! what a silly joke ?

I thought my Cuz would be as fat  
 As when he came before ;  
 But hush ! can't you the reason see,  
 A crime 'tis to be poor.

With greasy hat, and apron black,  
 Sure a most dismal hue ;  
 Nor had he known 'twas Cousin Jack,  
 Had not I to him flew.

In

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. III

In harmless thought, I instant brought

A glass, the same quite rare,

Call'd Honesty \*, with goodness fraught,

Can Cits such cordials bear?

Had I him met in grandeur great,

With vices of the times;

E'en that alone would compensate

And cover all my crimes.

But now, dear Dick, you see I lose

My once so loving kin;

Nor can I think that this abuse

Will his affections win.

Yet let him know that what I write,

No harm at all intends;

But shall as usually indite,

Unto my dearest friends.

The

\* The name of a cordial, well known at his father's house.



# The CRAFTS in DISTRESS.

An EPISTLE to Mr. BOWLEY  
with a poor Shoemaker out of Employ

BOWLEY,

**W**E Crafts have found  
The Rose and Crown

Right famous for good beer ;

And you agen

Know that such men

Delight in merry cheer.

But, oh ! sad plight ;

'Tis Friday night ;

Our Master's gone from home :

And, to be brief,

We've no relief

For shopmate forc'd to roam.

Yet

Yet thinking merit  
May gain credit,  
As we the hungry feed:  
Let this man find  
Refreshment kind,  
'Tis what he stands in need.

And we'll make right  
Tomorrow night,  
Blest be that happy hour,  
When we, like men,  
Can pay agen,  
What's now not in our pow'r.





## E P I T A P H   o n   J.   T.

**R**EADER forbear, whoe'er thou art,  
His goodness to arraign,  
That eas'd me of frail mortals' smart,  
When I in grief was lain.

But rather praise His works most just,  
Who all our deeds can spy;  
And learn in him to put your trust,  
Then you'll ne'er fear to die.

EPIGRAM



E P I G R A M.

**T**HE dad, all in raptures, once shew'd to his  
brother,

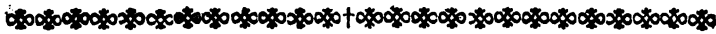
The works of his son ; saying, where's such another ?

The uncle survey'd them without least surprize,

And instant exclaims, how can poets be wise ?

When Poverty's frowns ever keep them at bay.

Hush ! hush ! cries the father, Content is their pay.



E P I G R A M.

**T**HE poor man breaks his word, and he's call'd base,

Tho' Poverty reigns sov'reign o'er his face ;

Mean time the rich, with Plenty on his brow,

Forgets his promises, nor keeps his vow.

Oh ! did Fame's trump them both alike reward,

To be sincere, great men would more regard.



On an OLD MAN of Seventy-five being  
inoculated.

**H**AIL Sutton ! thy all-glorious art  
Renews my youth again ;  
Now 'Death I brave thy impious dart,  
Altho' threescore and ten !



On seeing some YOUNG LADIES sitting in a  
Room hung with Cobwebs.

**W**HEN belles so bright,  
Shine with such light,  
And cobwebs in the room ;  
It makes folk think  
There must be chink \*,  
Because no use of broom.

\* Alluding to a vulgar proverb, "Where there's muck there's money."



## The BREWER and the RAT.

**T** WAS on a time a rat did stay  
 In search of food, and in his way,  
 By chance he met with sweet regale,  
 From dregs of Bowley's new-brewn ale;  
 But not content with this good fare,  
 He search'd for something yet more rare :  
 He search'd, and found, he thought, a prize,  
 And straitway to his ruin flies,  
 Descends with ease the dreary vat,  
 And gladden'd much at this retreat,  
 Nor thought of danger till too late.  
 For in the midst of all his joys,  
 His fears were waken'd at the noise



Of Bowley with attendants twain,  
Who for their fresh-fill'd vessel came.

The Rat now saw the danger great,  
And earnest strove to shun his fate :  
Oft round the fatal vat he run,  
But by that found himself undone ;  
Because the efforts made in vain,  
His once dear freedom to regain,  
Soon drew the injur'd Brewer there,  
To see the cause of noise so near.  
Then did the Rat his error find,  
Yet, not to prove the Fates unkind,  
When dying to the Brewer spoke,  
My discontent deserves this stroke.  
Had not I been to prudence blind,  
And all to thievery inclin'd ;  
I still had liv'd in pleasure free,  
Nor lost my life with infamy.

The

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 119

The moral bids vain mortals to beware,  
Lest they too soon do meet the Rat's just fare ;  
Bids them not gratify their vicious will,  
Which so productive is of future ill.





# The FREEMAN and the ASS.

**H**HEY! says the Freeman to the humble Ass,  
Thou brute contemptuous, dar'st thou eat my  
grafs?

My franchises a right to that can plead,  
Therefore I much expect to be obey'd :  
This instant let thy needy master know,  
Or I shall wreak my wrath on thee as foe.  
Yea, let him know that one from slav'ry freed,  
Forbids thee on his common more to feed.

To which the brute, in a most hideous bray,  
Thus answer'd, Man leave off thy vicious plea ;  
By Nature I'm for drudgery design'd,  
Tho' thou art free, disdain not my base kind ;  
Left, while you me oppress, it comes to pass,  
Others may load a Freeman like an Ass.

H A P P Y

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 321



H A P P Y N A N.

**Y**E lovely nymphs, whom Nature fram'd  
To sooth and soften man untam'd,  
Give ear unto my plan;  
Who not of Beauty's charms will fmg,  
While Fancy's wiles such wonders bring  
In Richard's happy Nan!

On fam'd St. Andrew's bleaky morn,  
Gay Fancy did this maid adorn,  
With charms for her blest man;  
And o'er each fault in raptures smil'd,  
That e'en Deformity beguil'd.  
His heart to happy Nan!

Fraught

122 P O E M S O N

Fraught with such bliss, behold him glow

On her from whom delights now flow,

Nor think Disdain can fan

Or cool his joys; No, flouting Scorn,

With all her traip, can't blast the morn

Which gave him happy Nan.

Thou fragrant balm Contentment, aid

Their nuptial bliss; let not the maid

Or swain taste Sorrow's ban.

Then future pairs in wish shall join,

That Happiness may them entwine,

Like Dick and happy Nan,

Ye maidens who, with patch and paint,

Yet further add to Nature's teint,

Would you be blest with man;

Let Virtue Beauty's wants supply,

For be assur'd false taste must fly,

• E'er you be wed like Nan.

Likewise

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 123

Likewise ye nymphs, whom Nature's care  
Has grac'd with beauty passing fair,  
    This wholesome precept scan,  
Would you at Hymen's altar shine,  
Embrace Humility divine,  
    Nor envy happy Nan.





Sent to his Grace the D— of —, on  
receiving a Bounty for his Poems.

MY LORD,

A Mind quite free from adulating lays,  
In the most humble sense returns his praise  
For that kind, gen'rous bounty to him sent,  
Such works reward ! too great the compliment.  
Could I but speak one half the tender joys  
That flow'd from my dear wife and lisping boys,  
And pleasing satisfaction that I felt,  
A flinty soul would in compassion melt.

Accept, great Sir, accept these grateful strains,  
Which flow sincerely from my thankful veins.  
May Love and Mercy, attributes divine !  
Be ever centred in your noble line.

Sent



Sent to a Noble LORD, once one of the  
Representatives for the Borough of —.

MY LORD,

**F**IVE years are gone since we were blest  
With your right noble boon ;  
Reward of joys that you exprest,  
Upon th' election noon.

To see the Friendly \* colours fly,  
Waving aloft in air ;  
The ornament soon caught your eye,  
Could we escape your care ?

No ; you was pleas'd to be enroll'd,  
The honour sure was great ;  
While life of all immediate told  
Our then most happy state !

Too

\* A benefit-club called the Friendly Society.



Too happy for a certainty,  
    'The club with grief has found ;  
As that which gave them so much glee,  
    Remains so long aground.

Some say neglect the reason was,  
    'T' your Lordship not to send ;  
Others assign another cause  
    Unto their noble friend.\*

But yet in this they all agree,  
    That when sick, lame, or blind \*,  
Unless the club-book is kept free,  
    No benefit you'll find.

\* Exprest in the articles.

BOWLEY'S



BOWLEY'S ALE.

**T**HE balmy sweet, the falcious draught,  
Sure no man can reveal;  
Unless he has a bumper quaff  
Of Bowley's sparkling ale.

There youthful swains and nymphs so tight,  
Jocund each other hail!  
By Sunday's cloathing render'd bright,  
Yet more by Bowley's ale.

Nor can the health-fet clown forbear,  
After his hearty meal;  
But longs to taste the well-known fare  
Of Bowley's nappy ale.

The

The plodding tradesman, weary grown,  
At night seeks a regale,  
To ease his toil, by Care full-blown,  
In draught of Bowley's ale.

Let poets boast that to the spring  
Of Helicon they steal,  
My Muse contented here can sing,  
Refresh'd by Bowley's ale.





Sent to his F A T H E R,  
Who was born upon V A L E N T I N E ' S D A Y ,

PRAISE that Almighty Being, who  
Upon thee still doth shine ;  
And does thy natal day renew,  
Oh happy Valentine !

When God, most bounteous, to thee gave  
Existence near divine ;  
The father's hopes, the mother's joys,  
Were in their Valentine.

Yea, when that Goodness sent a call,  
And they did life resign ;  
His shield, more safe than strongest wall,  
Secur'd their Valentine.

K

And

He brought thee through Youth's giddy state,

And through Care's carping pine;

Nay more, he crown'd thee with Content,

Oh happy Valentine!

His blessings numberless each day

Extend to all thy line;

Thy childrens children kissing say,

Praise God for Valentine.

Oh! may his gracious Goodness still,

Whose mercy earth refines,

Long grant thee strength with joy to fill

An age of Valentines.



To

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 131



To his Friend Mr. JAMES GREEN.

**T**HE solemn festival draws near  
To celebrate ~~lost~~ man restor'd ;  
May you enjoy it with good cheer,  
May Peace and Plenty deck your board;

But let Devotion's holy flame  
First rise t' expunge intemp'rate mirth ;  
And ponder ! that a God supreme  
Descends to ~~cloath~~ himself with earth:

Free from all pomp, obscure and mean,  
Behold th' Almighty King array'd ;  
Contented in a manger lain,  
Tho' th' heav'nly choir his birth display'd.

What then is Pride, which so abounds

With empty forms midst Grief and Care;  
Divine Humility confounds

That vain parade we mortals wear.

Then let us live that we may die

To live together ever blest;  
And join in praise to God most high,  
Who man restores t' eternal rest;

Dec. 23.





On the late plentiful HARVEST.

THAT thanks to that Almighty Pow'r  
Do we base mortals owe,  
sent such plenty in each show'r,  
And eas'd our heavy woe.

Young men and maids, old men and babes,  
Attend his awful shrine;  
His goodness makes the barren glebes  
In full abundance shine.

O bounteous Source! immortal King!  
All praises are thy due;  
Thee, great Author, we will sing,  
And daily them renew.



Yea, long as this frail life shall last,

Thy wond'rous works adore ;

And trust, when sting of death is past,

To praise for evermore.



On a noted TALLOW-CHANDLER,

Who, in the Oxfordshire great ELECTION, was so zealous  
lously attached to Party, that he made BLUE CANDLES.

**B**OAST not ye chiefs of int'rest old,

Of your renown'd blue tallow ;

For that, like Liberty, is sold

By Liberty for the yellow.

END  
OF  
THE  
POEM



On W. G. leaving the ARMY.

**T**HE gallant Captain Macheath \* is return'd  
 To his dear wife, who long his absence mourn'd.  
 Now free from all the tumults of the wars,  
 And from the dreadful outcry of the tars :  
 All hands aloft ; this was the sailors cry,  
 The ship's in danger, now we sink and die :  
 Then on his knees this hero straitway goes,  
 And to the seamen thus he vents his woes.  
 Pray, dear Sirs, tell me if the danger's nigh :  
 If so, oh ! whither, whither shall I fly ?  
 His looks and actions then too plain descri'd  
 A fight, which Decency alone must hide.

K 4

Est

\* A name by which he was generally called.

But when to fam'd Spithead the fleet return'd,  
 And each brave soldier for more glory burn'd :  
 No force could daunt our Macheath's mighty soul,  
 When far from danger, none dar'd him controul ;  
 Rejoicing he approach'd his native shore,  
 And vow'd to follow Marlbro' the world o'er.  
 Till the express arriv'd, immediately  
 Commanding them to sail for Germany :  
 Lo ! then he took his bed with fears and cares,  
 Spreading abroad that deafness seiz'd his ears.

The next recourse was to his loving wife ;  
 Desiring, if she thought to save his life,  
 To get an order signed by his Grace,  
 Which might release him from that irksome place.

The boon was granted, and away he comes,  
 Without the martial sounds of fifes and drums ;  
 No honours being thought to cowards due,  
 Who thus deceive their King and Country too.

The



The T A I L.

A Maiden fair, in bloom of life,  
 Free from the longings of a wife,  
 Virtue and Truth her bail ;  
 At dinner sat with blushing cheeks,  
 And while all round her ate lamb-steaks,  
 Her fancy caught the Tail.

This harmless thought, the loin's extreme,  
 Can only satisfy her aim,  
 She fights for this regale ;  
 Oh ! had I safe the wish'd-for prize  
 Upon my plate, maugre the eyes  
 That view the charming Tail !

Modesty

Modesty join'd by bashful Fear,  
 Secretly whisper'd in her ear,  
 Dear girl, the world will rail,  
 And say, maid's conduct's in the wane,  
 When they can't appetite refrain,  
 But must long for a Tail.

Honour, her guardian, to her cries,  
 Let go surmises, seize the prize,  
 For Slander won't prevail :  
 Trembling she snatch'd the harmless joint,  
 She blush'd, all smil'd, she gain'd the point,  
 And eat the luscious Tail.

Since then her fears are hush'd and gone,  
 But of the joint is yet quite fond ;  
 Yea, when the lambkins fail  
 She further seeks ; not all the roast  
 At Christmas time can gain the boast  
 Of Betsey's grunter's tail.

Thus

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 139

Thus fancy varies oft, we find,  
From lamb to pig, a fickle mind  
Changes with ev'ry meal;  
But should it never breed more ill  
Than mirth, may maidens take their fill,  
And change from Tail to Tail.



The



## The B A L L.

**T**WAS Christmas season ever dear,  
Replete with joy and merry cheer,  
When two young Bucks arriv'd  
At Woodstock town, to spend their time,  
To taste the pleasures of youth's prime;  
A ramble long contriv'd.

The day was spent with much delight,  
All cares were banish'd at the sight  
Of Blenheim the renown'd;  
New scenes kept rising to each view,  
While fresh-blown air did health renew,  
When they the hill-tops found.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 141

Variety's delightful theme,

By Pleasure held in much esteem,

Then bid the youths advance,

At night's return, unto the Hall,

To see the humours of a Ball,

Or join in sprightly dance.

They thither went, with Bacchus fir'd,

Love's aid, and much the nymphs admir'd;

When lo! p'ercome with bliss,

To see the sparklers moving round

Oh pleasing sight! that instant crown'd

Their raptures with a kiss.

Most grievous fault! what can atone

For thus addressing flesh and bone?

While swains close wrapt in gloves

(The modern beaux to imitate)

Ah! how unlike the Sabines date

When Romans stole their loves

Would



Would not presume to touch the hand  
Of any fair one, lest the brand

Ill-manner'd and most rude,  
Should them o'ertake with hasty stride,  
Much rather would they yield to Pride,  
Which sway'd an ancient pride.

Thus Ign'rance gain'd despotick sway,  
Nor yet could Reason's brightest ray

Refine a silly char;  
For soon Confusion made the choice  
Of this vain prattler's talking voice,  
Discretion thence to hie.

Chagrin'd and sicken'd at such noise,  
Where both had fram'd most pleasing joys,

They straitway bid adieu  
To Woodstock's clime, with this remark,  
That her dear sons were in the dark  
Of Wisdom's lovely hue.

To



To a KINSMAN,

Whole Compliment was DEAR SIR. Written 1769.

WHEN Cousin sent  
This compliment,

Oh! how my muscles strain'd

With laughing joy,

'Cause my employ

A King once entertain'd,

When as the Monarch took his round,

To see how matters stood,

A merry cobbler's voice did sound,

Which put him in like mood.

The story says,

To cobbler's praise,

His Majesty did read

The

The heel from sole,  
To view the hole  
Of Jobson his good friend.

But you no monarch; I can bring  
Good proofs that honest Jack,  
Tho' styl'd Dear Sir, can joke and sing,  
With rags upon his back.

Yet downright foul,  
My little hole;

Could we together meet;

Yea, dear Suke's noise,

With all my boys,

Would Cousin William greet.

And tho' no lemons we produce

To make punch, I declare

We have what now is out of use,

Is Honesty in wear?

My

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 145

My Brother's case \*

In good light place,  
Perhaps with deep contrition;  
He soon imparts,  
Though not like Herts,  
The cause with long petition.

A word Venality doth chace  
Into Oppression's furrow ;  
Joining Corruption's spoiling race,  
They hunt in ev'ry borough.

While this I write,  
Methinks in fight  
Appears my Cuz all witty ;  
And says rehearse,  
In the next verse,  
The deeds of your wise city.

L

Freed

\* His not corresponding.

Freed from the dreary windmill's care,  
 They stalk about at large,  
 While Slav'ry bleats in Freedom's ear,  
 Can'st thou my loan discharge?

Now Freedom's made  
 A bart'ring trade,  
 And wretches with intent  
 Her to deprive  
 With hatred strive;  
 Thus I my sorrows vent.

Alas! oh Liberty! with grief  
 My free-born heart o'erflows,  
 To think that —— grants relief  
 Unto thy hydra foes.

Let's leave that theme  
 With those to blame,  
 And view the harvest crown'd

With

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 147

With plenteous store,

And then adore

The Cause of this abound !

Whose gracious goodness to us sends

Such plenty, with increase of friends.

On Wednesday night we drank your health,

Wishing much happiness and wealth ;

And tho' not bumbo, Bowley's ale

Made us an excellent regale.

My Suke intends

Her love to friends,

Which meaning Tom and you,

I close my theme

The very same,

And, dear Sir, am most true,

Yours, &c.



On the DARK LAMPS at W—D—K.

THE Sacred Text doth this record,  
 Five virgins went to meet their Lord  
 With lamps that shin'd most bright;  
 But ah! not having oil in store  
 To trim them up, their folly sure  
 Was crown'd with endless night.

Again it says, another five  
 With wary prudence did contrive,  
 That when the Bridegroom came,  
 Their lamps all spread around such rays,  
 As gain'd from him the happy praise  
 Of Wisdom's lasting name.

Now

Now judge ye Readers, What are they,

Whose lamps once shone like the bright day ?

Yet now, dark and obscure,

Join hand in hand with pitchy night :

Is it their actions hate the light ;

Or have they lost their store ?







## PROLOGUE to CATO,

Written 1770, and intended for a Company of Strollers  
then at Woodstock.

CATO renown'd, in Freedom's cause expir'd ;  
His glorious theme has ever been admir'd  
By Britain's sons : they Liberty maintain'd  
With blest success, while Tyranny remain'd.  
But, when he fell, what friendly hand did wait  
On Freedom dear, in her then hapless state ?  
Why Britain's Genius watch'd his dying breath,  
And snatch'd her hasty from the shades of death,  
Then wafted her o'er to this happy isle :  
And what like Freedom sooths the peasant's toil ?  
It makes his labours move on Pleasure's spring  
While sweet Content keeps pace with Time's swift  
wing.

Oh

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 151

Oh happy Britons ! Rome her tyrants knew,  
And, what was worse, her race corrupted too.

Hail chieftest bliss ! thou Liberty divine  
Inspire our souls, what tyrant then dares thine,  
Or rear his head within thy sacred fields,  
Altho' protected by ten thousand shields.  
Cato, tho' pent within the rocky wall ;  
Enjoy'd his Freedom safe from Cæsar's thrall.  
'Tis not confinement can the mind enslave,  
The free-born soul goes honest to his grave,  
And scorns to live when he his rights can't save.

Excuse the efforts of a strolling band,  
To act the champions of a once free land ;  
Champions whose deeds require a Garrick's fame,  
Or now lost Powel's tender-touching frame !  
Yet this we plead, our names still speak us free,  
And shall not Britons plead for Liberty ?

The

The galling chain of Slavery we defy,  
 And should the Fates call forth the patriot fight \*,  
 May we like Cato live, and for our Freedom die !

\* Oh Virtue ! oh Liberty ! oh my Country.





AN

EPILOGUE of THANKS.

Spoken on the Benefit of Miss BOWMAN, the Widow  
LLOYD and her TWO CHILDREN, at Woodstock, 1771.

**T**H' enjoyment of your favours here this night

To cheer Distress, calls on us to requite

Our gen'rous friends, with thanks from hearts sincere

That glow with Gratitude, a virtue dear !

Deign then acceptance of our joint endeavours

To please this night, as some return of favours.

But hush ! —————

I saw Ill-nature, with his envious brow,

This day look o'er the bill, 'tis true I vow :

He look'd—and mutt'ring spoke—A benefit

For Ma'ams Bowman and Lloyd ; his lips then bit.

Mumbling

Mumbling he thus proceeded—Mrs. Lloyd :

Ha—some huffy perhaps with virtue cloy'd :

And her two children—here Detraction flew,

His soul dissolv'd at this heart-touching view.

Ill go, he cry'd ; a benefit indeed,

If by this means two innocents are freed

From Sorrow's bands ; nay worse, from Famine's

train :

When babes are starving, who can tears refrain ?

Thus he. Now I a widow's loss explore ;

Her sole support, her comfort is no more.

She unexpected sunk into distress,

She earnest strove her evils to redress,

But all in vain : till thinking that the age

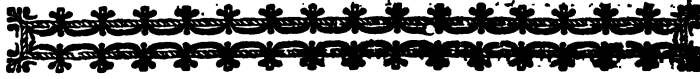
To pity was inclin'd ; she took the stage.

And this night's favour animates her choice,

Makes Grief avaunt, and deaden's Sorrow's voice,

Renews her hopes and bids her babes rejoice !

CRISPIN.



C R I S P I N.

By Mr. J. G.

**A** Shoemaker !—'tis whimsical enough ;  
Methinks I see him seated on his trough,  
With awls, and ends, and lasts about him thrown,  
And thread and leather mingled up and down ;  
No library of books, nor dictionary,  
No common-place book, nor vocabulary ;  
But leather, leather is his daily theme  
From morn to night ; but little time to dream :  
And yet our Crispin writes, and works, and sings,  
With merry heart, on great and various things,  
As r—s and wh—s, and l—ds and d—s and k—s.

So have I seen, upon a summer's day,  
 The humble caterpillar work its way;  
 Tho' slow its motion, and its progress odd,  
 It answers ev'ry purpose of its God;  
 Till by the fostering sun's enliv'ning care,  
 Becomes a butterfly, and wings the air.

So may our Cöbler rise by friendly aid,  
 Be happy and successful in his trade;  
 His awl and pen with readiness be found  
 To make or keep our *understandings* sound.

T H E E N D.







